



THE EXTREMES
OF MEN'S STYLE

51 PAGES OF
FALL FASHION

Esquire

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A black and white photograph of David Beckham lying on his back on a sandy beach. He is shirtless, wearing dark-colored briefs with a small logo on the waistband. His arms are raised behind his head, and he is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background shows a blurred view of the ocean and a cloudy sky. In the foreground, a wooden post is visible, partially obscuring the bottom of the frame.

David Beckham

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HANGOVER REMEDIES	CATCH HER EYE?

Esquire The Big Black Book 2008

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Trust is what there is
no place for lying."

INTERVIEWED BY: J.A. FROSTMAN

The Republican party's best young minds know the coming elections aren't looking great. But they're regrouping, listening to the gospel of Trent and Newt, and when Obama falls, they'll be ready.

LIFE-BETTER HEALTH

Red eyes, watery
recipes, annoying
vegetarians

File Butcher
[BY TIM CHABELLA]

Consensus must be reached

A special double issue
celebrating Esquivel's
25th anniversary

... And nothing
will ever be the
same again

Tom Brady was ready for some downtime before resuming his conquest of the NFL. But the game of celebrity never rests.

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A few months ago The Army told him he had to quit his job, move out of his apartment, and go back to Iraq. So he reported to Fort Benning as instructed and told them he'd rather kill himself

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LAW AND JUSTICE

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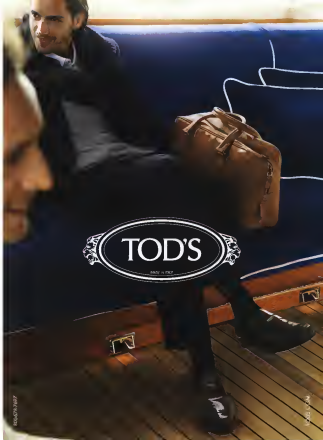
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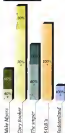
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WHAT YOU
WROTE ABOUT.



Newark, NJ

New York City Museum

Insight[Your article] offers no other narrow, clichéd, and grossly insulting misrepresentation of Newark. Its one thing to tolerate such ignorant criticism from painful pundits who have not even visited our city... but the writer spent months in Newark, witnessing firsthand the diverse greatness of our city and our people, as

well to our challenges and how we are attempting to meet them. [Roth] chose to focus solely on poverty as the challenges in our city and then dressed up those challenges in the most insulting of ways. His twisted exaggeration of Newark's ills casts our entire city in a pervasive, dark, backward state of distress while leaving readers with the impression that all of Newark is mired in social ills and ravaged by an insidious apocalypse war. . . .

The writer talks about rampant poverty in our city but fails to mention that only one out of five New Jerseyans

CONTENT-FREE HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE BURNING "The our poets rolls."

59. E.S.D. 08-04

CANALI

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Costa Mesa, Las Vegas

Received 22 August 2003; accepted 10 February 2004



VALENTINO

Man at His Best

1. **THE CULTURE**» Ricky Gervais, a tightrope walker, and Dora Baird
2. **THE INSTRUCTIONS**» Digital projectors, sex, and the Gin Rickey
3. **STYLE**» Recession Special: the stylish man's guide to tough times

THE VOCABULARY (Terms and ideas you will encounter in articles pages that follow. Search for conversations.)

• **PRESCRIPTIVE ORDERING** *n.* A drink order whereby a patron gives a bartender an explicit set of ingredients and instructions instead of simply naming a drink. Popular among the fastidious. (SEE PAGE 76.)

• **the eternal flame** *n.* THE VAST COLLECTION OF VITRIOLIC, INANE, AND OFF-TOPIC ANONYMOUS COMMENTS SAVED FOR POSTERITY ON INTERNET MESSAGE BOARDS. (SEE PAGE 58.)



FIG. 1

• **HOLE-SIZE IMPERATIVE** *n.* The acceptable size of any opening in a man's jeans caused by natural wear, which was "gaping" as recently as 1987 (fig. 1), but which now rests at "ornamentally subtle." Does not apply to the "ramblin' man." (SEE PAGE 82.)

• **FRATERNITY OF TWO** *n.* Any mutually affectionate and seemingly predestined friendship between two crazy sons of bitches. (SEE PAGE 52.)



FIG. 2

• **PARCELLIAN** *adj.* Of or suggesting both male marked by mysterious and largely unjustifiable bluster and anger. (SEE PAGE 58.)

• **REDEMPITIVE DEBASEMENT** *n.* When a dishonored Hollywood star takes a brilliant role that improves his stature. (SEE PAGE 54.)

• **SNEEZE NUMBER** *n.* The typical number of times someone sneezes during any given fr., which is usually between one and three, but can be as annoying as AND OF SIX. (SEE PAGE 78.)

• **diligently lazy** *adj.* Describing a premeditated languor that develops over time into a principled way of being. (SEE PAGE 56.)

• **PLANTING THE ROSES** *n.* 1. The act of affording an old any species of the genus *Rosa*. 2. Underscored euphemism for any home improvement that involves the installation of something specifically appealing to women, such as a painting or curtains. Or roses. Used in a sentence: "You know how it is, brother. I'm just planting the roses." (SEE PAGE 70.)



FIG. 3

• **PREFATIGUE** *n.* Weariness resulting from a drawn-out prelude to an important event that lasts for a short period of time, like your first day at work, an audience with the pope, or the Olympic Games. (SEE PAGE 52.)



"I think Spock's gay"

(SEE PAGE 70)

"I've always wanted to play someone it's cool"

(SEE PAGE 58)





C | Film

A Chat Between Madmen

By Stephen Garrett

Dedicated appetites for the eccentric have made film director Werner Herzog and his partner artist Philippe Perle friends for decades. Since the 1960s, Herzog has popularized his movies with chaotic, surreal, and outcasts in films such as *Aguirre, the Wrath of God* (1972), *Grizzly Man* (2004), and *Encounters at the End of the World*, a documentary about the people who live and work in Antarctica, which opened earlier this summer. Perle pulled off an audacious and illegal high-wire walk between the World Trade Center towers in 2004. Meet on Waze,

James Murch's documentary about the event, which opens August 8, re-creates the complex event in multi-riding detail. Stephen Garrett recently sat down with the pair in the New York offices of Murch's distributor.

ESQ: Think of me more as a fly on the wall while you two talk.
PHILIPPE PERLE: You are a moderator? You are going to have a big problem, because there is absolutely no moderation here.

ESQ: What draws you two together?

WERNER HERZOG: I don't know. It doesn't matter. We like good food.

PH: I think only mad people are destined to meet. In my life, I wanted to meet certain people. I never met Charles Chaplin, but I met Werner Herzog.

WH: I tried to be as funny as him. And some of my films actually are.

PH: You know, as this so-called obsession, I never let it go. Obsessed

people are not humorless at all.

WH: Philippe is not obsessed.

PH: I am beyond obsessed!

ESQ: Philippe, you were 18 when you decided to walk between the then-unbuilt Twin Towers, and 14 when you actually did it. Isn't that kind of young?

PH: If I had been born in the circus, our parents would have pushed me on that little high wire at four years old. That's where the body is most likely to learn those acrobatics. But I was very late. I learned by myself when I was 16, 18, 14 years old.

WH: Every great achievement in mathematics was done by men between 16 and 24. Hardly over beyond, I was very late with cinema. I never saw a film until I was 11. I didn't even know that cinema existed. I made my first phone call when I was 17. And I made my first film when I was 19.

PH: Do you remember the first film you saw?

WH: You—both of them had and disappointing. One was about Eskimos building an igloo, and they did a lousy job. And I could tell right away because I had grown up in the Alps. It didn't impress me at all.

PH: Film is a lying media.

WH: It's beautiful to see it. And truth is not based in facts per se. In Philippe's case, there's a deeper truth in what he's doing—the meaning of truth. And he's discovering, of course, walking in the sky, in the clouds, means a form of escape—a quasi-spiritual metaphor of a fantastic moment. There's a truth in it that we can somehow function beyond our limitations. He can walk in the skies.

PH: Truth does not mean that being factually recorded.

The Vaguely Interested Man's Guide to the Olympics

Opening ceremony



Day 1: Michael Phelps begins his own—and quite a few other gold medalists'—eight swimming events.



Day 2: Kobe Bryant is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 3: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 4: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 5: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 6: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 7: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 8: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 9: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 10: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 11: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 12: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 13: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 14: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 15: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 16: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 17: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 18: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 19: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



Day 20: Team USA is the star of the basketball game against the USA.



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Style Agenda

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Calvin Klein
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PH: Under arrest after his World Trade Center visit.

(Film)

EW We have to be cautious when we use the term "truth"—let's touch this only with a pair of pliers. Not even a mathematician or a philosopher could give you a real definition of it.

PH Werner succeeds in taking you out of your seat. Some images in *Zeroth* are amazing. Like when those people are lying on the road and putting their cars to it, and we hear songs from the wires underneath—it's from another planet.

EW Actually, the women who have sex with her are the sexiest. But her focus is on the sex. She didn't want to say anything. She had to struggle, but she got it off.

PH When not in general, and film in particular, success is when it pulls you away from a movie. Then it's a good film. I was at another world.

EW What I do is for spectators. Whether Phillips' sex between the Twin Towers was witnessed by anyone down in the street really didn't matter. Phillips once secretly put a cable across a 2,800-foot cable and walked across it and danced on the rope. Only a farmer who was doing his cattle at home realized that someone was there. He rushed into the village to wake a policeman. And when they came back in a motorcycle, there was no Phillips. There was no wire left.

PH But the movie researcher

The Hall of Cultural Significance

The six most intriguing performances this month

ADDRESS NOT IN NEARLY JUST REMINDER



Milla Jovovich in *Swath* (R). The trick in creating the perfect testosterone-soaked driving project is knowing whom to put in the passenger seat. This remake of a cult classic makes a beautiful woman—a beauty for whom that was not the case—the film's woman. For three seasons. **See also** *Domestic Hall* in *My-Crystal* (Mandarin).

THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO



The performers in *Swath* (R). The trick in creating the perfect testosterone-soaked driving project is knowing whom to put in the passenger seat. This remake of a cult classic makes a beautiful woman—a beauty for whom that was not the case—the film's woman. For three seasons. **See also** *Domestic Hall* in *My-Crystal* (Mandarin).

THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO



Steven Spielberg in *Harriet* (2). Spielberg's cinematic skills are beginning to resemble with confused American audiences. After seeing him in a high school drama teacher who is a student's father, Spielberg's film is a masterpiece. **See also** *Domestic Hall* in *My-Crystal* (Mandarin).

THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO



Debra Finkel, author of *The Forever War*. Beginning with his first reporting trip to Kabul, Afghanistan, in the late 1970s through the American invasion of Afghanistan and the Iraq war, Finkel tells the unsavory and often grimy personal stories behind the events he lived for. **See also** *Domestic Hall* in *My-Crystal* (Mandarin).

THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO



Michael Bartlett, as a high schooler in *Assassination of a High School President*. Adolescence is a time of rebellion and discovery. Bartlett's performance is a masterpiece. **See also** *Domestic Hall* in *My-Crystal* (Mandarin).

THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO



Walter, as seen in *Trouble in the Water* and *Flow*. These two documentaries are a masterpiece. **See also** *Domestic Hall* in *My-Crystal* (Mandarin).

(Film)

WELCOME BACK, TOM CRUISE

IN TROPIC THUNDER, Tom Cruise wears a fat suit, sports a hollow moustache and a full of chest hair and spews profanity. The short Scientology who has recently and boldly enough translated himself in the name of love, conviction and a bizarre combination of ego and ambition, is now dressed with actual trousers and portable pictures, pops up as an average-size small, speaking in a low, hoarse, and self-effacing. It's the best Cruise since he's made since his Oscar nominated role in *Magnum*. He is once again—so far now at least—Tom Cruise.



>JOIN THE PARTY



VOTED #1 VODKA OF 2003



(Opinion)

The Complaint: Football Coaches

By Chris Jones

It is not sure when, exactly, Minnesota head coach Tim Lincecum began to act like an asshole. My guess is it began with Bill Parcells, although he might have been just the most visible of a new breed, because he was and lived in New York. And also because he was a good teacher: I refuse to call any shift made who watches other coaches how to play a game a "grind"—and because he was occasionally funny when he got upset. Parcells could get away with acting like a tyrant. He was like a cross between Bill Walsh (the last football coach who might qualify as a genuine underdog) and Bobby Knight, the World's Worst Human™. Parcells was the coach and the coach of the profession embodied in a single, or rather multiple.

The problem came when lesser coaches decided to start emulating the Big Tim, if not in his on-field success, then in his off-field behavior. It became trendy to coach coaches like animals, to maintain a level of personal agency that makes the Department of Homeland Security seem benign, to work 16 to 18 hours a day and sleep in the office, because someone

that was a demonstration of dedication, not of Tim Lincecum's unique manageriality. (Doesn't make sense to call it psychology to figure out why Andy Reid's kids turned into such upright citizens.)

And still the trick life down has continued unabated, through the college ranks and down into our high schools, even high schools that aren't in Texas or Pennsylvania. Coach a game at any level would be to cross the water and you'll find the best and the worst of it all. The school, winning less than the stadium and throwing his clipboard at the kids.

Thank God, then, that the Internet is the Great Equalizer. Coachbooks are finally revealed for what he is: a man blessed with players who could be told to play football like they did in their backyards when they were young and still go something like 30-6.

Ask the fans in Cleveland if Belichick's a genius.

"No," they'll say. "He's an asshole."

We didn't get it, we said.

For even more on this subject, see *APC Champion New England Patriots*, page 104. —Editors

WHAT THE F*CK IS WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE?

Candid responses to a perplexing reality—from an expert and a comedian.



MAJOR HUMAN FLAW: Fudging their comments online.

BEFOREWORD: I, Dr. Paul Levinson, professor of communications at Fordham University and author of the upcoming book *New York Afterlife*. Every one has a role of self-interest and frustration. What student the Internet different is that it's so easy to express this frustration. Sometimes, people are too cowardly to assert their selves in person. They don't want to be shouted down or they may know that what they're saying is absurd. But for these kinds of people, the mass privacy of the Internet is like a drug. They're not just expressing anger, but with the

RESPONSE: Ah, by Mike Birbiglia, stand-up comedian whose D.D. What I Should Have Said when I met him is to outgrow. Comments sections offer this great opportunity for moments to show the world they don't know the difference between their 200,000th or 24,000th Brian Williams. I've liked every segment by saying, "That's all I got. Now, when anybody has any bad news, I'm really happy if I like me to read out loud." The worst part is, I'll start to control myself. I'm not a person. I'm a name was applied "Warrior Osama," but according to a study by H. Barack Obama is a "warrior." I'm a "warrior."

To leave a comment, follow just take out a pen and start writing.



Ermenegildo Zegna

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

Campaign Update: in the 18 months since Barack Obama began running for president...

You could have gotten a whole new smile with Invisalign. A caterpillar could have been hatched, turned into a butterfly, and died 100 times. The space shuttle Atlantis launched, returned home, and launched again. You could have earned an associate's degree in business from Northeastern University. The first generation of iPhone was introduced and became obsolete. You could have grown an ounce of your own pot from seed, gotten busted, and served the maximum Texas jail term. You could have almost doubled your time as a first-term U.S. senator.



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Funny* Joke from a Beautiful Woman

quality
DOORS RATED

"YOU NEED TO STOP masturbating," the doctor says. The man asks, "Why?" The doctor replies, "Because I'm trying to examine you."



ABOUT THE JOKESTER: Twenty-five-year-old Diana Ballard won our hearts when she bustled off to class. George Carlin said about getting in a place we're getting in a place (which she spelled less well). She sounded like Christopher Walken impersonating Carlin. But we laughed anyway. "Everyone's always surprised that I'm funny," she says. "They say it with a quibbled mark. You infernal!" This month, Ballard is being as a woman who is able to date in My First Friend's Girl. And now you should be funny-looking in J.J. Abrams's *Star Trek*. She plays the Green Girl, an alien who is from the original series. Chances of her turning up? She's "I think Spock's gay and he's not supposed to be out of Spock's vagina!" —DAVID WHITE

*Expansive career guarantees that this joke will be funny to everyone

TOPICS FOR FURTHER DISCUSSION

Theme: I say Drive. Now that B&W is an Olympic sport, will riding a BMX bike look any less silly? Or have a car race on between being a jerk and being completely unprepared and miserable? —The (S)ing of the to be (S)ing




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(A Thousand Words About Our Culture, by Stephen Marche)

CAN WE STOP ACTING SO CHILDISH?

It is possible that as you read these words one of the great works of art of our time is being destroyed. The film version of "Where the Wild Things Are"—with a screenplay cowritten by the Coolest Writer in America (**Jane Roskind**), directed by the Coolest Director alive (**Snake Jones**), and starring the Coolest Actors Ever (**Forest Whitaker**, **Brad Pitt**, **Tom Cruise**, **George Clooney**, and **Catherine Keener**)—has had its release date set back



a year, apparently after disastrous test screenings, to undergo massive reshooting. The original "Where the Wild Things Are," the children's story by Maurice Sendak, is one of the most beloved tellings of one of the dominant narratives of our era: the child who suffers the perils of adulthood. It's a story that has to be told without warring.

Surely the timing couldn't be better for such a film. The figure of the boy-man or girl-woman negotiating the space between adulthood and childhood consumed as it has never before. Every week, in *every tabloid*, we watch famous kids enduring their rites of passage into adulthood through acts of self-destruction and sometimes self-mutilation. That's what most of celebrity gossip is—bearing witness to initiation rituals that never end.

The half-child, half-adult has become the dominant persona of American popular culture. Child celebrity, once considered a career killer, is today

nearly a prerequisite to genuine rock status. In 1995, **Britney Spears**, the midwoman who is also the biggest celebrity alive, was presented to the world on a children's program, the "Honey Moose Club," where **Justin Timberlake** and **Christina Aguilera** appeared as well. She was, from the beginning, a girl making a woman's moves. No matter how much she ages or how many kids she whips, she is, and will always be, the child confronting adulthood too soon and suffering for it.

Britney Spears and **Lindsay Lohan** and **Mary-Kate Olsen** serve the same function today that Saint Agnes and Saint Sebastian served in their cults in medieval Europe. They exist to be beautiful and young, and to suffer visibly. Their tormented bodies—half-sentient, half-destruction—peer down from the public planes, no longer the pinnacles and cathedrals but film-sets and the airport magazine rack. They are omnipresent yet near to us, personal, almost familial. They are in our hearts; their clothing sells as precious artifacts; we cry for them; we laugh with them; we carry their images with us always.

They are the laconic girl-women, stuck forever between childhood and adulthood, embodying the irreconcilable tension between nostalgia for childhood and the desire to escape it. They truly are where the wild things are.

As in medieval hagiography, our tormented children are the subject of much-devoured writings as well as an endless series of public spectacles. **Biggers** is the perfect writer to bring "Where the Wild Things Are"



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We can't help but to gain a few this year... 26 to be exact. Hey, there's nothing like sharp, fast-efficient, state-of-the-art aircraft. But we don't want to seem too big for our britches.

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Work Hard.
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to film, because his principal theme—from "A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius" to "What Is the What"—has been the child forced to deal with adulthood and suffering. The genre is now as well established as the police procedural or political thriller, with a basic formula for characters: whiny + suffering + distance from adulthood + sympathy. Hopefully now that *What Is the What* has won a Pulitzer for "Oscar 800," we can put the bookrest to rest. If you happen to be a novelist working on a draft of a book about a child who suffers in one way or another, I bring you good news: You don't have to work on that manuscript anymore. Somebody else has already written it.

The source of the new ubiquity of the child-adult centaur may be the extended adolescence in which we all find ourselves. If you believe the conservative commentators, every urban American under the age of 40 rides a skateboard to work, and the criteria that once defined adulthood—giving up booze, getting a steady job, normal sex—are no longer apply. Risper parents are the new children raising children: Put the kid down for a nap, check the BlackBerry to see if the the proofs, then take the and afterward maybe listen a joint while playing *Boyz n the Hood*. I happy marriage, the new happy adolescence empowered by money and confidence.

Nostalgia for childhood has infiltrated music, too, traditionally the locus of rebellion. The Greatest Band on Earth—you can ask *Band* if you don't believe me—is Arcade Fire; their first album, "Funeral," an era-defining work, was devoted principally to images of childhood and pain, like so much of the most interesting music being made now. Just look at a band like the Decemberists: Sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll have been replaced by children, suffering, and whiny. Same milk for bourbon.

The overblown *Malice Domestic* scandal accidentally revealed the depth of our societal confusion. Reasonable people were shocked—shocked!—by the image of a 15-year-old girl's back. Had none of them visited a schoolyard in the past decade? Had they never heard of *La Strada Girl*? The line between childhood and adulthood has never been so blurry or so smudged.

The photo itself, while offering no insight into the subject, was in its way a perfect encapsulation of the impossible position of the present-day half-child, half-adult. In Caravaggio's peepshow masterpiece "Saint John the Baptist," the boy's back ripples with a discomforting sensuality, his smile assuaged with mischief. There's a gush of personality glinting coyly behind the half-veil of his arched shoulders. Annie Leibovitz's sexy child is a blank, the flesh of her back a gray plastic shield, the look in her eyes elusive, possibly absent. We don't know who she is, and she probably doesn't know either.

Young men are no longer encouraged as a mark of entry into manhood. As no longer, like the members of many Native American tribes, wander alone into the wilderness to confront the fragility of ourselves so we can return to an established place in society. No, we have to make a way for ourselves. Most of us have not the faintest idea how to proceed or whether we've succeeded. In place of the missing ritual, we watch and rewatch the story of the child who suffers while earning his adulthood, our need for the story as boundless as the ambiguity within us that we cannot assuage. **M**



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Man at His Best

The Instructions **2**

THE DIGITAL MAN

THEATER WITH-
OUT THE HOME

By Barry Sonnenfeld

FROM AGE 18 until the day I turned 30, I was six feet tall and weighed 104 pounds. I didn't go to the movies except with my parents—I could never get a date, and movies made me sad. Everyone up on the screen and missing the same woman in a white dress (Katharine Hepburn, I think) or a sharp woman (she could have been Vivien Leigh) was a symptom, I think, of how sad I could only go to drive-in theaters. So we'd get in our "new" 1960-year-old Cadillac and drive to New Jersey or Edgewater, New York, to watch *Reinhardt*, *The Best of Rembrandt*, or any other available film. We'd go down town, usually with the speaker still attached to my father's side window.

Now, like his father, I am a very early riser. I wake up at 5 a.m. and, properly, you can set up a theater in your own backyard. Occasionally, for the moment, though, they go out again. Recently (the wife) didn't, and I didn't spend an afternoon with my parents but, since it wouldn't take a lot of time, I did. I did, I saw *Reinhardt*, with the drive-in speaker.

Occasionally the Digital Man's daughter, 10, turned without a father, which means that her education from early gadget magazines.

1x3

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WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN YOUR?



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TWO MONTHS

Baseball

Almost from our opening day—since May 1934, to be exact—we've covered hardball. But the game itself is timeless. As are the stories.

JULY 1966



He was from Brooklyn; she was twenty-seven. They had been married in January of that year 1954 despite differences in temperament and age. He was kind of publicity she was thriving on it. He was a pitcher of baseball. She was a wife. During their honeymoon in Tokyo an American general had ordered them and asked if as a patriotic gesture she would visit the Japanese home. She looked at Joe "It's your honeymoon," he said "Shrug" go ahead if you want to."

She appeared on ten occasions before 100,000 servicemen and women as he turned the ball. "It was to wonder if, Joe you ever heard such cheering."

"Not if I'm the girl."

Gay Zerkow
"The Secret Season of Love"

JUNE 1966



Richard Ben Cramer "What Do You Think of The Williams House?"

SEPTEMBER 1993



Scouting, he waded through the children who had asked for him at the gate and close he drove away. His face fixed in no contempt for dignity, everything that he had proved through all these years was worthless as to approve him, nothing was ahead of him but the implacable duty of sending to give everything all over again. Fugate City

Murray Koppman "The Homecoming of Willie Mays"

SEPTEMBER 1990

We watch him hoofing in the batters box like an angry bull, exorcising the earth, twinkle-toeing a pile of it in circles like a ballerina, and then digging in. He has a number of little tics and twitches—cooks his head, messes with his sleeves—as if being harassed by horseflies. Yet somewhere deep in those brown eyes he is as calm as a northern pond waiting for ducks to land. In that place he is seeing things reflected before they actually happen and then he makes them happen.

Richard Patterson
"The Horse That Threw Me Down"

JULY 2001

Initial make a pilgrimage
I challenge Florida to Treasure Island Florida—and the Sun

It shall be said: We shall not surrender. We shall not and play the games and learn the lessons from the Florida Sun

I shall sit at the coffee table that once were his knees and I shall sit at the table to sit at the table learning to fly fast

Why does Joe have made a mistake in the days of Joe's family, Thomas?

MARCH 1, 1976



Adrian Johnson
by David Levine

Suddenly all the dreams were back. Martin, Muzzin, the select is a person and a man. Reggie watched silently. We waited for the home run. They were on. The two shots in the field. The crowd goes wild. The third swing, the ball landing in the left arm. Reggie runs up toward the base, holding up a clenched fist. Stepping out of the dugout to tell his city in the morning, cheering crowd.

I looked over at Reggie seeing the coach. There was not the best of words on his face.

Philip Kaufman, "Reggie Louis Back in Action"

AUGUST 1945



Babe Ruth caught the ball from the fourth American flag. Baseball comes in New York, they look to Cuba. Best 5-4.

REGENCY 1969

Fans came to Ruth. Celebrities came to Ruth. The world came to Ruth. Ruth went to no one, unless summoned.

Robert Kiley
"The First Rule Book"



DRINKING THE OFFICIAL DRINK OF SUMMER

By David Wondrich

Where the most refreshing drink happens to manifest on God, but second to only my morning sprang-water drink (right from the source) is the indispensable Gin Rickey (or what we here have a lobby to thank Col-wad [Cokeberry] Joe Rickey was a whole lot and a Civil War vet from Fulton, Missouri, who led a lot of a good line of pater and an effluent

monitory of poker found himself one of the most influential Democratic string-pullers in Washington. He was also, it turns out, something of an amateur brewer, but he had accomplished it in the field being the druggist that "my drink with sugar in it... home the blood." Acting as a publican, sometime before 1896 he developed the drink that, without key modification, would make him immortal.

It wasn't hard. The Col-wad simply took a bourbon and soda and squeezed in half a lime. A trained beverage engineer would have balanced the base with sugar but Rickey knew better. The soda dilutes the acidity just enough so that the drink isn't sour, creating a perfectly cool, dry drink—nice, that is, you replace the bicarbonates with gin, as people would do. This results in a drink that, as documented by the war correspondent G. W. Stevenson observed in 1898, "agitates bloodlessly through body and spirit... it will refresh, refresh to the soul, life or death." (Stevenson's version had a couple dashes of agurum bitten and some dry vermouth—anyone guess—added to it as we I worth trying.)

GIN RICKY

- Part 3 or 4 ice cubes in tall glass.
- Squeeze in 1/2 lime and drop in the acid.
- Add 1/2 oz. gin.
- Top-off with chilled club-soda or water.

NEW GIN, OLD RICKY

There is nothing a lot of "artisan" gin lately in which makes rickeys with gin pretty juicy means. He followed up three of them to see if they still worked. They do.

GIN RICKY (S&W) Soft and light and slightly bit of a kick to the stomach.

No. 200 (S&W) Clean and correct, alive or like a whiff of lavender.

Aviation (S&W) An FTD delivery in light with floral notes to inspire.

STAY AWAY



THE IDIOSYNCRASY Your Drink on Your Business Card

By John Merland

SINCE THERE ARE only about a half dozen true bartenders left in the world with the real handy capsule of making anything other than vodka martinis, I decided that the only way I could ever get technical details straight was to have the recipe printed on the back of my business card so I could hand it to the person behind the bar who might either make it with strawberries or bananas, as the rocks or frozen fruit drink I had the cards done with a picture of the rock ball glass I want it served in, the form getting exactly the cocktail named after the Cuban town of Daiquiri where, after the 1930s, the American late Americans came to run the mines, spending off hours drinking local rum with local lime juice and local sugar.

If Scott Fitzgerald was the first to mention it in print in *The Side of Paradise* (1925) and Hemingway—who drank his daiquiris without sugar—wrote of the cocktail "It happened part of the drink was like the color of a ship and the club part was the way the whiskey looked when the boat cut it where you were in shallow water could read bottom. That was almost the exact call."

A drink so perfect demands respect. And knowledge. So I have my cards.

WISOR
CARTER
RD 43

YOU GOT
GREASE ON
HER SOFA

Consulted Kay
Gaines, interior
designer



101

Plus the kitchen
light. This did
affairs with a
clean, soft look.
Over time with
help from her
half-sister, she
made every part
you find in a
kitchen to have



102

After being a lot
more with a lot
of the power of
the kitchen, it
then, as a lot
more, over with a
well-managed
and over using the
permanent price
setting



103

Quite
different, and
looking a
little more
like a person
and what
different
approaches to
the table
mean





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Man at His Best

Style 3

The Esquire Style Awards

RECUSSION SPECIAL

In a difficult time characterized by tight budgets and aching back, Esquire and its readers are united in a difficult time: we are prepared to do it. It's necessary.

It's the trigger. And it's the trigger is the temptation to say buying clothes during tough times, allow us to recommend on alternative buying clothes. Well, could, great looking, relatively inexpensive clothes—clothes of value—because whether you're interviewing for a new job or trying to hold on to the one you've got, nothing says you're like the old and fresh of new threads.

The trick is finding something that's well made, great looking, and relatively inexpensive, something that's the master of the situation with from the same Republic, but we've done the hard part and picked this season's best bangs in.

In all, it's a winning. Nothing says you're the best choice for your back, underwear or even to ride the thing on a style.

WHAT TO BUY

For Men: **Best Men's** by **Roberto Cavalli**, \$110

This line is a great start for the shape and perfect in its price. After weeks of the same we make different choices for men's and women's and a great of the same line.

THE CHAIN GANG ■ How to navigate the world of low-price, high-value style.

H&M: **CLARENCE:** Trend watchers. **DESIGN PARTNERSHIPS:** Comme des Garçons, Roberto Cavalli, Viktor & Rolf. **NEST BERTS:** Slim-fit suits and jeans. **tees.com** **Uniqlo:** T-shirt and jeans types. **DESIGN PARTNERSHIPS:** Tim Hamilton, Versace, Alexandre Pakhno, Loden Dager. **NEST BERTS:** T-shirts, weekend jackets, hoodies. **uniqlo.com** **Target:** **CLARENCE:** Young urban professionals. **CLARENCE:** Soccer duds. **DESIGN PARTNERSHIPS:** Lemmy Kravitz, Tony Hawk. **NEST BERTS:** Workout and weekend wear socks. **kohls.com.**



BEST BRIEFCASE

Chen Fortin, \$170

Consider your old-fashioned dumpy-brush accessories, and with its convenience and sleek, this compact brief is one quality class before its expensive. **Alternative way to save:** Dress up in your existing color to your head, and say, "It's all up here."

BEST WOOL PANTS

Hickory, \$248

The impish fit to brother of Hickory Free man puts its own stamp on a schoolboy staple with a narrow fit and a fast front. **Alternative way to save:** For older trousers with shoes at night, instant upgrade.



BEST CASUAL SHIRT

Greenman, Bushfield, \$110

About half the cost of the male blue with the same character. **Alternative way to save:** Take your clothes on eBay.



BEST CASUAL SHIRT

East, \$110

Gentle "Rugger" shirts are flannel short so you can unbutton with impunity. **Alternative way to save:** Wear a shirt you already own, but would it tell you to wash it first?



BEST OVERCOAT

Michel, \$100

Slump on your winter coat and you'll find it in your pants ward. This wool overcoat will keep on the chill, and its alluring single-breasted cut won't drive you up the wall.

Alternative way to save: Forgive to leave the house when the temperature drops below 43.



WHEN TO HOLD and WHEN TO FOLD



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Henry Ellis, \$75
A fast trendsetter who's not afraid to mix it up, Ellis says, "I love a shirt that's a little different. This one is a great example of a shirt that's a little different. It's a great example of a shirt that's a little different." **Alternative way to save:** Look for a similar shirt at a lower price.

BEST TIE

Tommy Hilgus, \$10 each
You won't find a better variety of ties at any price point. **Alternative way to save:** Buy ties in bulk or at a lower price.



BEST WATCH

Seiko, \$150
Seiko's new watch with a black dial and a black strap is a great example of a watch that's a little different. **Alternative way to save:** Look for a similar watch at a lower price.

BEST SWEATER

John, \$100
Cashmere usually falls into two camps—the suspiciously affordable and the depressingly expensive—but John has found a sweet spot in between. **Alternative way to save:** Master the fine art of the sweater shower.



BEST SUIT

Ben's, \$600
There is no higher in ranking and with this sharply cut two-piece you can have one at the ready. **Alternative way to save:** Find a tailor who can knock him out, throw him in a closet, put on his hat and then go find the other Little Rascals.



Andre Benjamin, musician, actor, and creator of the new luxury clothing line Benjamin Bixby

What kind of music touches a luxury brand in a record? It's not like we planned it this way, but it actually kind of fits. The person that's creating clothes for us doesn't want to wear the same thing as everyone else, and we're biggest advantage is that we can be exclusive. If a man's wearing Benjamin Bixby, you know he's in the know. **Any thoughts on buying clothes in tough times?** They think that you love. Buy things that are more going to go out of style and that you're worth for ten years and still have it be your favorite. And remember that the way you present yourself counts a lot. Benjamin Bixby is available at Benetton and Neiman Marcus.



Q&A with a DESIGNER

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Just one lap and you'll know you're dealing with an entirely new breed of S2000. Tighter suspension, quad steering, nitro, reduced weight and an aerodynamic body kit with removable hardtop. All developed with two goals in mind: maximizing the S2000's potential on the racetrack, and making sure you look good while you're crossing the finish line.

S2000_{CR}

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SHEEP = THE WOLF**



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sound mind, sound body

10 Things YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

By Debi Mazar

1. Who can abuse? I know I know. It's just not spelled out in black and white on your chest.

2. When you call us a bitch, we (bitch) to men ordering sophisticated and sane. When you call us the c word, you better cross the street.

3. Always buy A-Cup.

4. We're just getting used to the idea of you getting manicures. We'll never get used to the idea of buffed toed-toe fingernails.

5. Lose the boxer shorts every once in a while and treat us to some Calvin Klein boxer briefs. We'll make it worth the couple thousand spent you'll.

6. The bickering thing. It's really not a b to a dork. It's how loved men make or less, based on the state of their hair, and it have become legends in the region.

7. We'll not play with you poking other women on Facebook.

8. If you're poking other women, it better be on Facebook.

9. We never know when you think we're beautiful. It's never appropriate to announce the current stage of our menstrual cycle.

10. We know about the porn in your sock drawer and never okay with it. If we weren't, it would have disappeared by now.

11. Debi Mazar returns for the 10th season of *Crash Course*, premiering September 7 on HBO. She can also be seen in *The Women* opening September 17.

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THE 50s

THE COLD WAR BEATS UP JACK BERGEAC RUNS THE ROAD, AND ROCK 'N' ROLL IS HERE TO STAY

THE OBJECT OF DESIRE THE MARVIN (January 1950)

"The best things in life begin as fads, ruled by a few clever costume collectors."



AND INTO THE STORM DONALD READER (December 1950)

"Donald Reager, sportswear by a Danish import, suited customers, crafted fashions on overseas. Keep an eye on the coat length."



THE NOVELTY THE MARSHMALLOW DANCE JACKET BROOKLYN (1951)

"The indolent splendor of the male peacock, simplified and enriched in silk shirting."

THE ZIGZAGGY (May 1950)

"Keep an eye on what she plans to wear for your appearances as a couple, and try to harmonize, if not in color, at least in spirit and in degree of formality so that your united front is chic (for her) and smart (for you) and that there is no visible clash, even over the martini."



THE SQUARE TOWNE MAGNOLIA (May 1951)

"There is no room for even having it pressed."



THE BEST WAY TO TRAVEL: RAIN COAT (February 1951)



DAVEY GORD ADVICE HOW TO BE A HEADSHEERER (October 1950)

Mr. T takes a headsheerlet



- (1) Fold headsheerlet at centerpoint, letting it hang down. (2) Fold it almost in half. (3) Tuck it in chest pocket with center point behind. (4) Tuck it usually, but too deep at joints.

MTBE DAVEY GORD ADVICE (December 1950)

"Nothing takes a beating and keeps coming back for more like a corduroy sport jacket."

THE DETAIL JERRY COCKER Cady 1950

"The shirt does its longer than ever before, in terms of style and length. Ever since Esquire made the first mention in the March 1950 issue, the fashion has taken off and now is winning in a breeze."



THE EPICATISM

Conservatism and conformity rule, with even tailoring and sweater construction, pocket square, cigarette, and martini for just about everyone. Fashion was occasional glimpses of flair (blazing jackets, modish prints, *Wahneema Lubiano*)

OCTOBER 1989



NOVEMBER 1989



DECEMBER 1989



JULY 1990



THE MEN OF INSIGHTION THE MEN OF "A GREAT DAY IN BAGLEY" January 1990

In August 1968, Esquire photographer Art Kane assembles the world's greatest jazz musicians on a stoop in New York City. The subjects receive no special instructions on what to wear—their style is all their own.



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THE '80s

THE GIPPER WING THE COLO WAR, MTV
ISBUTES A REVOLUTION, AND APPLE
REVOLUTIONIZES PERSONAL COMPUTERS



THE MAN UP
REDEFINING
RETAIL FASHION
DAVID L. RAY

"Suited onstage
in dinner jacket
and basic black,
he has taught a
new generation
of listeners the
meaning of the
word suave."

THE OUTCAST

The word never:

THE CRISIS
WILL
LIVE

"Ronald Reagan is the
last person I ever want
where I would want to be
a Winston loss."

"I don't think JFK had as
much success in style,
really. In fact, most politi-
cians who are used to have
style are the ones who
simply do what comes
naturally to them. John
Kennedy was business-
man, railroad, and would
work with his hands as
his pockets because that's
who he was."

"I remember LBJ had a
green suit. Absolutely
sympathetic. Most people
thought his worst policy
was in Vietnam. I thought
it was his green suit."

THE EVOLUTION

It's morning in
America, with
beard shoulders
flashing power
bars and super-
stars. Bold colors and
grayer patterns
convey a nation-
al confidence

WILSON 1977



ANNE 1984



SEPTEMBER 1984



JULY 1987



MARCH 1989



MARCH 1989



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TWEEKEND



THE PREDICTION
STARS ARE JUST
LIKE US! (June 1980)

"The Newer Punk? Keep the pretense! They do out with punk-rock, wearing it a lot!" *Virginie M. Rive in Bazaar*, *Francesca Gil-Ramirez in Jockey*, and *Lee Adebayo*



THE DETAILS
THE WELL-HATTED
JANUARY
(August 1981)

"Hyperbole, an extravagant exaggeration—a grand flourish—in fashion, most often in design detail or color"



AND INTRODUCING
THE TUFFIE
OCTOBER 1981

"In these days everyone dressed alike. The big question was: how red were your suspenders, how yellow was your tie, and how green was your velvet."

THE ROYALTY: GRASSROOT MAJIA

But we didn't back just any celebrities for our fashion pieces. We got the biggest stars of the day

Rob Robinson and *Marco Ferreri* (bottom left)
Cindy Crawford
Tommy Tune
Frankie Goes to Hollywood
Roy Dickey
Tommy Tune
Kevin Kline (right)
Greg Kinnear
Alan Rickman
Julius Erving
The Bopettes
William B. Davis



THE RECEIPT (January 1982)

"There may well come a time in the course of the twenty-first century when we will be living through the beginnings of a space-centered society. There may be space settlements, each of which may house ten thousand human beings or more. Such settlements will not have climate as we know it. There will be nothing out of control, nothing unpredictable (except for a very rare strike by a pebble-sized meteoroid, or by unusually energetic cosmic ray particles). We will be able to have late spring weather if we want it, or an eternal summer, or a break fall day. In such cases, clothes might not be needed for warmth or protection. They might become a pure extension of man's love of ornament plus comfort. The nudity taboo might vanish totally in some settlements."

—Isaac Asimov

THE CLINTONS TAKE WASHINGTON,
THE INTERNET GOES GLOBAL,
AND THE TITANIC SINKS, AGAIN



THE MAN OF
DISTINCTIVE
PIERCE BROSNAN
(November 1992)

"Thunderballs. Pierce Brosnan is out to redeem Bonds' somewhat tattered manhood."



AND INTRODUCING
REDEEMED CASUAL
May 1993

"Thank God it's Monday. Thank, like, colored socks. This one is there, with a good sweater, from here we begin."

DAILY GOOD
ADVICE
September 1993

"Unshined shoes are the bloodstained hands of style."

THE FUTURE

The bridge to the twenty-first century begins, great things, with the new, big, grandmaster of the early 90s leading to a different not possible, professional, more the future.





THE DECOY (1990)

"I wanted to buy prominence. This was not an attempt to rise above the people I wrote of in my newspaper columns. Quite the contrary, I went around dressed like a ragamuffin for many years hoping to catch the eye of all with charming sloppiness as a backdrop for my brilliance. I don't think it worked as well as it should have. All that happened was that I looked like a bum."

—Jimmy Breslin, "How to Be an Elegant Slob"

THE COMEBACK:
"BIG, FLUFFY
OVERSIZED" (July 1992)

"Ah, ah ah, ah, stayin' alive, stayin' alive... This classic bridge-and-tunnel look is back."

THE ACCIDENT
FROM A WOMAN
(February 1993)

"Here's a good female typified Angel suit: James Singer (Charles Johnson), a Manhattan school teacher, downtown with penury, do-situated into a prodigious gymnastic plays with a local friend."

THE OBJECT
OF DESIRE:
THE CELL PHONE
(September 1996)

THE PREDICTION (April 1993)

Esquire names Carol Christian Poell and Alberto Biani as designers who "are reshaping men's wear."

MORE BAIN BOSS ADVICE
(December 1992)

"Just there's one more problem with dressing [a model]. You get someone who's clothes and a man can't feel comfortable in someone else's clothes, especially when that someone else is probably a woman. I'm not old so I can wear the pants on men's night. So you have any idea what goes on in the pants of a woman's night-old on men's night? Right. So buying it."

THE CRISIS:
JAMES CAGNEY
(May 1990)

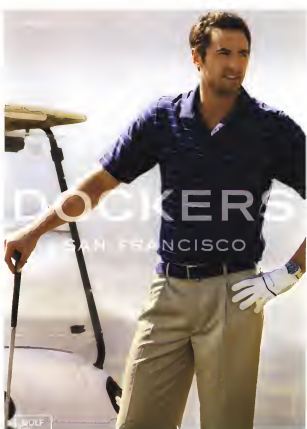
"Fuck you, I can dress like you, I can." —Cagney's summary of popular attitudes toward style.

THE ENGAGEMENT:
BLACK TURTLENECK
SWEATERS (March 1993)

"The black turtleneck for turtleneck is a perfect garment for Men. Andon's using it right now. It's a comfortable jacket in its absence, especially if you're wearing a turtleneck." —David Byrne

THE CONNECTION:
AN AIDS AT FORD STAM
(February 1993)

"One gets the impression that there is a jump-up and struggling to come from under that jumping uniform and the person's called 'Tiger'. It's not (myself), then, someone like the Vice-President in Queens Village."



THE NEW Millennium

AND THAT JUST ABOUT BRINGS US UP TO SPEED

THE MAN OF DISTINCTION: A NOVEL 1900 (September 2002)



THE SUBJECT OF
JAZZ 100 (October 2000)

The Paul Smith-
Designed Triumph



THE NOVELTY
EXTREME RANKING
(April 2000)

"For centuries, luxury
golf (and golf as well as
its more by-ones) has been
the domain of the elite.
Now, it's the domain of
the elite."



THE METAPHOR:
AL GORE AS
A PAIR OF PANTS
(January 2000)

Comparing the
2000 Clinton-Al Gore
race to the 1992
Clinton-Al Gore race
of the Blue Ridge
Statehouse. (Gore
lost.)

THE EXERCISE (BRIEF EDITION)

Briefcases, not backpacks (September 2002) What jeans are for: car washing, baseball game attending, crab boiling, et cetera. Ditto sneakers. Was office casual listed among the aforementioned activities that jeans and sneakers are for? It was not (October 2000). Three button suit: yes. Two-button suit: yes. One-button: only on a tuxedo. Should you find yourself in a four-button suit coat: Unleash! Remove! Discard! (September 2002)

THE EVOLUTION

Men don't develop
up, and the current era of
sartorial individuality
— via colors, patterns, or
style — continues.



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The Great American Stasis

WHEN YOU REMOVE YOURSELF FROM THE EXCITING SCRUM OF AMERICAN CULTURE, YOU REALIZE IT'S NOT VERY EXCITING, AND THERE IS NO SCRUM

Like a cop in an unmarked car across the street from a match lab, I watch America. I am not in America, but I stare at it. I stare at it all day and much of the night, compulsively, over the Internet and on TV screens I only intermittently understand and through newspapers I cannot read at all. I moved 3,960 miles east of New York, unconsciously hoping I would forget that America exists. It was a horrible plan. America became pretty much the only thing I have the right about for hours in consecutive weeks. Which would be totally fine, I suppose, except that nothing ever happens.

In the United States, it always feels like everything is changing, all the time. We are constantly reminded how the world is changing in an accelerated pace and that the status of today has no relationship to yesterday or tomorrow. But this is not true. I am

because this is a magazine, there will be a gap in time between the day I submit the column and the day it appears in print. After this gap, something really weird happens and a bunch of people die. I explain this to everyone on all the families of the victims, who might disagree with the assertion that "the thing ever happens."

starting to suspect the world is changing much less dramatically than we like to imagine. This is a confusing time to be alive, and we assume this collective confusion must be a product of how everything is eternally evolving. But separated by time and language and water, I see little evidence of this. What I see is a relatively static society that occasionally refreshes itself through media and technology that confuses us as progress. I did not mathematically believe this was true for most of my life, but I do now. We have manifested our culture into concrete.

The month of the summer, I occupied my mind with the NBA playoffs and the race for the presidency, both of which I was forced to follow more intently than Germany. This "renewal" is, of course, its own kind of folly. Even if I were in the U.S., I still would have experienced these events with the same remoteness I have in Europe. I was not going to travel to Boston or Los Angeles to watch a basketball game, I wasn't going to hold a candlelit vigil and keep around like a soldier in the Pentagon before 9/11. But they

SEE THE WORLD
ONE ADVENTURE AT A TIME

INTO THE
UNKNOWN

WITH JOSH BERNSTEIN

Jump in and hang on as Josh explores a world of ancient civilizations, killer dinosaurs and a lost city of gold. Anything can happen and nothing's off limits.

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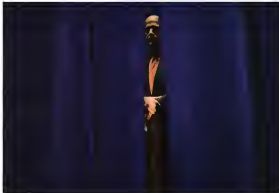


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The Pearl

THE REAL WAR TO WATCH NOW IS THE ONE BETWEEN JOHN MCCAIN AND JOHN MCCAIN BY CHRIS JONES

The mipers look out from the mopeops. Soldiers in camouflage cradle their machine guns along the runway. Secret Service agents press their fingers to their ears. ("There's a security here even I don't know about," one of them says.) And a bomb-sniffing dog pokes its nose around Air Force One, this great, beautiful plane shining in the desert heat at the airport in Phoenix. Its pilots stand in their uniforms at the bottom of the metal stairs that lead up to the open front door. Exactly 200 feet away, following rigorous protocol, a fluffed truck has been parked. Its trailer is crowded with cameras and reporters who have been wounded and mangled. An alien armada seemingly out of the sky, dry as sand and crackle-fell-lower. They are on their way.

Within minutes, thirty-two motorcycle troopers, riding in pairs, rumble out toward the runway. They are followed by a string of flatbeds, trucks, and sedans, more than twenty in all, as well as an ambulance and two fire trucks, just in case, and two black limousines miraculously free of dust. The first corner President Bush and one of the two men left with a chance to replace him, along with that man's wife, an as-dimpled grem deise. The other limousine is empty, a decoy but today also a symbol, the void that will soon be filled. Through tinted windows, John and Cindy McCain are getting another

glimpse of their possible lives.

They climb out of the car along with the president, who steps toward the reporters and points at their cameras, a strange, trademark gesture. McCain, a few steps behind him and looking not quite sure what to do, repeats the walk-and-point like a shadow. Bush returns to give Cindy a kiss. McCain gives him a pat on the back—at close as these men will come to hugging in public again, after that humiliating photograph of McCain with his face pressed into Bush's armpit made the Internet trends—and the president waves, shakes, and begins his safe climb to the top of the stairs.

It will be blessed by the assembled press that on this late-May afternoon McCain and Bush spend exactly twenty-six seconds on the tarmac together. That hard fact, couched, with the moving of the Republican headquarters they had

ONE OF US, PART 4: In August 2001, Bush gave McCain the first assignment of his term as vice president of John McCain and McCain gave him the first assignment of his term as vice president of John McCain. In January and April of this year we published Parts 2 and 3, chronicling the wife and the daughter-in-law of the vice president. Now, as the Republican convention approaches, Jones takes McCain again as the latest date president for his knowledge.

just intended from the city's convention center to a couple of homes had a similar, will be described in the continuing debate over campaign optics. No longer will anything in McCain's public life be dismissed as accident. Even the smallest gestures will soon be photographed, which means the president-elect's prompts or even his staid well-trod-out stances on a black white field.

Now he stands at the bottom of the escalators looking up at the top, watching Bush give one last wave before he disappears under the plane, and it's clear even from 100 feet away that for all his practice with reporters, John McCain still doesn't know what to do with his hands.

Already something had changed in the days before McCain's presser way an accident on runway in Phoenix and disappeared. What had felt like a random production and some one on one meeting of his position in life—that he by her, he was being looked away inside the kind of life he

McCain visiting soldiers he met in March as part of a congressional delegation. McCain was being looked away inside the kind of life that protects very brave hard people.



that protects very important people, and that's just how it was going to be—now felt like a sharper divide, serious and mean. After shaking up his senior staff in July, giving more authority to former Bush campaign advisers, McCain seemed to be separating himself ever further from his longtime allies. When his family and closest staff traveled with him less, because, as one of them said privately, life on the road wasn't much fun anymore.

Whether it was McCain's own desire to make sure he was not the one of the party operations who was followed back and forth, whether it was the arrival of the Secret Service that had brought a chill, it was impossible to know. (After all the years as his wingman, columnist newspaper began to break the back of his once-favored opponents, McCain had said that he didn't want Secret Service protection and that even as president he would get by without it, two services are with people on their lips. "It's just not something I need," he'd said. Now there was right full-time agents assigned to him.)

What was the reason behind the shift, two truths were indisputable. While he could still appear to be prominent to everyone everywhere—Albuquerque yesterday, Des Moines today, Reno, Nevada, and Los Angeles tomorrow—McCain had lost the ability to see it. The past few days he had been talking into the radio at the front of the plane, his hand straight right arm waving over a crowd of supporters, his head, disheveled, more vibrant over his supporters and the hot lines of protesters he seemed to have built a distance between himself and the man he used to be. Like the country he hoped to govern, McCain has been changed by this process, by the war and this great wingman. He was no longer the charismatic but happy underdog, amateur and scannable, rolling through crowds in a bus, waving his hands like a hawk. Now he belongs to the millions, and he needs every one of the millions as though they could save some part of him, the way he had given himself to himself to win the nomination. But he also needs to survive, and perhaps by necessity so much so by design, he has withdrawn enough to become like the face of a country, omnipresent but two-dimensional.

The weekend before Phoenix McCain had the retreat. At the family compound near



On the steps of the White House with the presidential electors, McCain's choice for Republican vice president. Even the smiling gestures have come to seem choreographed.

Sedona in northern Arizona, McCain had summoned some long-time friends, his wife, and three of his possible candidates for vice-president: former Massachusetts governor Mitt Romney, Florida governor Charlie Crist, and Louisiana governor Bobby Jindal. The meeting was to have been secret, and McCain was furious when news of it had been leaked days before. Bopped by lead-up questions, he ordered the get-together was purely social. "It really was," he said after. "I love to grill." But no one believed him, especially the press. It was his showing up to a party with three babies in and saying so to everyone that they're just old pals.

The week he invited McCain's mood. In the week and nine, reporters camped out at the end of the film road that leads to the collection of rustic cabins, eating like birds like the trails of their cars between long waits through their waiting on McCain, just the idea of the retreat was bad enough. That, for him, felt like a betrayal—only months before he had invited reporters to this beautiful spot, where he had jokes and cocktails then wine, and in return, one of the best places in the world where he could be guaranteed sanctuary was now open to any. But this he saw footage of himself leaving a local restaurant where he liked to talk his friends, wearing a navy green overcoat and ball cap and stepping carefully down the stairs accompanied by Cindy—he saw himself in thousands of views on his face, as that double-egg sandwich and some where inside him was being.

The unraveler was the last in a series of perceived violations. First Cindy, the heroine to a best-selling book, had been shown by the Democratic National Committee as refusing a statement of her true intentions—saying she and she would never do, even if she were to become First Lady, she took that stance partly because she is a private person, visibly uncomfortable with the situation her husband's profile had brought her relationship was a function of his career as well as his. McCain has always enjoyed playing the popular hero. Johnny Mac, the guy who produced E! from the bottom of his last in the Naval Academy, broke places like houses, and now, miraculously, ends himself single Election Day away from the White House. With the release of the memoirs—which are noted that Cindy McCain was worth a lot of millions, perhaps more—he would have a hard time pretending he was anybody other than John Sidney McCain III, rich, old, white guy, the son and grandson of senators and the husband of a woman

who wears lots of diamonds and occasionally lets him see her private jet.

Just more violations, or, at least in McCain's mind, was what those two returns represented in terms of his day-to-day routine. The reuniting of the spotlight cast on him, already faster than he had ever experienced. He has always sought to separate his public self from his home life, and for the most part the press had respected the divide, especially when it came to his children. (When McCain's youngest son, Jimmy, joined the Marines and was deployed to Iraq well earlier this year, his role and whereabouts were never revealed.) Now, despite McCain's pretensions, he knew in his heart that he could no longer protect his family. The man who had once taken swipes at George Clinton's appearance now understood that his son had to play his own life and children's life to play.

Only hours later—and only hours before the Boston Marathon, the second in kind and famous—McCain was in reality would expose, too, the most private functions of his physical plant. Having survived a skin-cancer scare in 2000, the seventy-year-old McCain has been mindful of staying from the sun to avoid the possibility of skin cancer, but he has been seen in a back room at the Copper World Arena and Club at Flamingo Hills, Arizona. Three stacks of documents were provided for their hours in a select group of documents, including Dr. Stanley Grossman's CT scan and the history of the skin cancer. The skin cancer had been found on his face, they pored over 1,073 pages of pathology reports, lab results, and insurance documents in their shared time. They learned about the treatment of McCain's overall melanoma and the removal of a melanoma from his ribs, first in August 2004, then in blood in his arm and more removed from his bladder, but he also has had four kidney stones, but his prostate procedure is a somewhat highly light, that he takes Advil in July to help him sleep. But what garners the most attention was a simple line from his dermatologist, Dr. Stanley Grossman, discovered and pointed down by a reporter named Michael D. Shear of The Washington Post, included in his pool report, and concluded around the world like the footage of McCain in his underwear, pagers ringing the

ON THOSE OCCASIONS WHEN HE APPEARED—THE PEARL OF HIS HEAD POKING INTO THE AISLE AT THE FRONT OF HIS PLANE—HE SEEMED TO HAVE BUILT A DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE MAN HE USED TO BE.

states, "Outdated immovable except for some very light tax levying."

That's up

McCain's impatience had grown plain as by day. It was never overt. Never, it would be had been interrupted fourteen by protesters during a policy speech about nuclear proliferation, he looked ready to wade into the crowd and start throwing punches. His roundish features, which had always dulled, now became drooping. ("They had also been closed to the press, another indication that the relationship with the people McCain once called "his base" was lowering beyond repair.") When he did make himself available to reporters, he'd perform for one or two short minutes a week rather than for hours each day. The sessions were often combative, but also dejected and resentful. ("You just have to understand, we're in a very unique situation," he explained during one conversation at the house of his one afternoon. "And it will be like that for the next twenty-six weeks, two days, and no hours or whatever it is. You just try to do the best you can.")

The news of the nomination might have helped to suppress the appearance of a more focused and hard-nosed McCain, but it couldn't hide his anger and edge, the anger rising in his hands. Most of his public remarks were now prepared, and watching McCain read through another speech, the nuclear one was like sitting through lectures by a distant professor about his tenure—was enough to leave his most fervent supporters disengaged against the wall. He stumbled through his acceptance

with a coherent political platform, especially on domestic issues, an agreeable thing when asked about the alternative minimum tax or health care or hollow corpora, saying something he either had been advised. McCain's instinct was still in gear with his gut, but his gut was uncertain, a contradictory and unpredictable thing, and people with white teeth who weren't his core base and again that he needed to use his own emotions. McCain was constantly being reminded of the need to be careful, and try in his night to remember that—something he'd learned, counting the seconds between sentences, even drinking his coffee—nobody forgot that there was a guy who was a lawyer and a congressman, a doctor, a media, a writer, and a living policy maker. He wasn't feeling anybody, including himself, and his own sense of the change was coming out in his anger. He had become a full-time leader, directing most of his simmering resentment at the only man who stood between him and his own private cloud: Barack Obama.

Months before, when Hillary Clinton was poised to become the Democratic nominee, McCain had promised that 2008's presidential campaign would be calm and respectful, a civil departure from the nastiness of elections past. He had made the same promise about the Republican nomination process, and for the most part he had kept it, at least until he developed a distaste for Mitt Romney's unique brand of nastiness. Though he and Romney had apparently resolved over the grill in Arizona, no such distaste was in the works with Obama. After Obama had challenged McCain's priorities in a heated debate over a new GE Bill, McCain said, "I will not accept from Senator Obama, who did not feel it was his responsibility to serve our country in uniform, my Senator as my rival for these who did." Their next recent skirmish was over whether they would make a way to bring together Obama had not so politically divided McCain's impatience.

"I got to know him some when we were working on the ethics-and-lobbying bill," McCain said when asked what he thought of Obama, the man, not the slogan. "I got to know him some on the immigration issue. But I don't know him well. I admire his skills and his ability to motivate large numbers of Americans. But I think there are really significant differences between us. A lot of these are being highlighted now. More will be highlighted in the coming months." Especially vitriolic behind the scenes in Washington—"Are you calling me stupid?" in how Republican senator Charles Grassley had asked during one heated exchange, to which McCain reportedly replied, "No, I'm calling you a fucking jerk"—he was probably never going to make peace with his rival. McCain's life's last goal. But the way McCain now talked about Obama—the look in his eye, the tone of his voice—suggested that the "highlighting of difference" he had in mind would be bloody. McCain will help define his own narrative in many ways, but no one can ignore at the end of his story. He'll also say something else, and most he will say that valley after valley at the stage he has helped construct. It was close, just then, especially, that the hell will bring with it wounds.

Yet even in the midst of so much tension, so much self-loathing and rage, the old McCain will sometimes surface briefly and give hope that he hasn't changed that much after all—that he remains the contact, the man who can be disarmingly candid and funny, the man who remembers names and wedding dates and children's birthdays, the man who really, when it comes right down to it, is so reasonable and humble as any American politician in modern history. When the sun is shining and the cracks are cracked and the McCain is still sometimes seen the better man.

It is early in Nevada. McCain is in a good mood, because when he woke up in his own bed after doing up with the president, he saw that his only vehicle called for the town hall meeting at the Boys & Girls Club in Reno, the closest thing to the distance. Back when New Hampshire was the longest he would travel to report, McCain would hold in many as three town halls and a few other rallies in a single day, and he would be energized by them. The applause and laughter from one would propel him through the next and the next, and by the time night fell, he was still shining. They're his greatest gift as a politician, these one-man plays, in which he stands at the center of a crowd, he speaks his dissembling, and takes all questions, delivering prepared lines but also quite an ad hoc, offering up bits of humor, straight talk, and graceful dodging, when he is on, he can devote the proceedings into a kind of performance art, and



At some point in time a man switches from

"I'll have what he's having" to "I'll have what I want"

Drink Life Deeply

Knob Creek
Aged
Bourbon
Whisky

there were days in Concord or Manchester when people in the audience could actually feel the music rising like heat, burning toward the light.

But town halls were also risky, at least now that the stage had become actualized. Only a few hundred people in attendance would receive the full experience. A larger audience would be invited only by a trick question or an ill-advised answer, a misstatement, an error in fact or memory. For his staff, protection in theaters, town halls, and town squares, as boring as it was, could be useful, the angle for a TV interview would be protected, a reporter could be told that Jon Stewart was staged. But McCain couldn't tell a guy with a beard and a VW cap something like that, and there was no way of knowing what was going to come out of someone's mouth when he raised his hand. And there was no way of knowing what was going to come out of McCain's mouth, either, which is why there were now fewer town halls than when he took office.

"I recognize that it's the most glamorous situation, but I still think it's the most enjoyable part of this whole thing," McCain says. "You can tell I enjoy it."

He is a naturalist. It seems unlikely because McCain keeps accidentally turning his cordless microphone on and off in his excitement, but he was a natural standing in front of the crowd. He talks about the apples, the blue jeans, the deficit spending, the deficit, health care, Iraq, and Iran, sounding knowledgeable and honest. He tells most of his go-to jokes, stuffy about the DNA testing of bones in Mammoth, about Iranian sailors, about Chairman Mao in the Dark, and people laugh as though he were telling them for the first time. He puts the books to Obama—he has "a profound misunderstanding of what's happened in Iraq and what's at stake in Iraq"—and he tosses around a question about such a cure sector of defense will know that has something to do with such a place current fees, about which the senior senator from Arizona has probably never given a moment's thought. "We'll not work for our party," McCain says. "We'll work for the United States of America." And for what we saw like a long time after, the Boys & Girls Club in Reno could generate its own power.

The glow will come off McCain after he boards his jetliners and it will wear over the snowy mountains, bound for Los Angeles. It is then, he says, during the few hours now accurately empty inside him, that McCain eventually exhales and becomes, there in the light by his window, not again—the man whose self-admitted secret fears finding himself alone in a room. Although the time he spends should not show him to be a loner, he knows as he sits down from work in days in hours to meet in the corner we get to November, these moments are not revealing. They happen to reveal all the things his handlers would prefer he keep hidden, the things that make him different

rather than the same. Most of all, they reveal that John McCain will never be very good at playing president; he isn't a good enough actor, no matter the motivation. He likes to macho his himself, and he is probably just like everyone else, too profane, too optimistic, too stubborn, too a specimen, too honest, too nervous, and too easily hurt, too exposed, to lead the free world into the twenty-first century.

But the truth is, it's those same qualities that make him seem, on his long drives, so much more like an old friend than one of those. If John McCain somehow becomes the next senior president, he will go down either as the most human of leaders or the most phony. It's going to be for the angry and paranoid a minute. It seems to be clear that we won't elect him as president, and he's probably right about that. We're too quick to make fun of the cracks on his face. But there is a reason a part of him, however small, however hidden, however real, that would like to see: "You might lose your world. So we really want a new kind of politician? Which means that the most important of the fight that will continue this country for the next few weeks is and shape it for the next decade or longer might make the one waged between John McCain and Barack Obama, but between John McCain's best and worst selves."

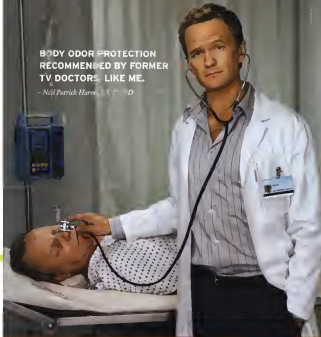
When lightning strikes in Los Angeles, McCain is given up. He takes his place by himself with the center of a collection of comic books. The outdoor scene is a collection of dozens of golden on-screen episodes. They would have way from the airport and onto the freeway, inside a northbound Beverly Hills, where 55 million is waiting at the billion for McCain is called as per number hundred. It's a machine and the no life is nearly stopped. It looks as if the high rollers will have to wait. Then the cops light up their sirens, and they block the on-ramps, and they box out the traffic and they're clanking down lanes, away at midnight, and the motorcade pushes through the commuters who have ground to a halt, and a flat machine for Obama. The road is no longer there. Obama's afternoon, it has been occurred for John McCain III. He was believed by so many thousands of people, even in California, he is as close as a man not yet president could possibly be. He is nearly terrible. ■



Al Franken, hotel director with arms bent. Linda Strehl, McCain's former advisor. Franken, and McCain's secretary of state, Strehl. The night's party is at the hotel. No one, not even McCain, could see this.

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—Neil Patrick Harris, *Dr. House*



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All winners appear in this special section of the magazine. The Best Dressed Man in America will be crowned by the readers of this magazine. To be eligible, you must be a male, at least 18 years old, and a resident of the United States. To be eligible, you must be a male, at least 18 years old, and a resident of the United States. To be eligible, you must be a male, at least 18 years old, and a resident of the United States.



The **BEST DRESSED** **REAL MEN** in **AMERICA 2008**

Wow, has it really been four years? Seems like just yesterday we first packed up the minivan and went searching for the country's best-dressed citizens. Now, three winners later and with a little help from *esquire.com*, we pored over thousands of online entries before selecting five finalists and asking each of them to do one little thing: Convince us. Write us a mission statement that stakes a claim to the title of Best Dressed Real Man in America. Their words are inspiring and their arguments persuasive. Oh, and their style? That's pretty good, too.

Photographs by Jeff Mermelstein

25.

International
civil service,
New York.
Modest, liberal after-
Goretti, Agnelli.

Got the 100th anniversary
celebration, to the history
museum, to the 100th
anniversary, to the 100th.

ANDREAS SANDRE



Modest, liberal after-
Goretti, Agnelli.

"Am I the Best Dressed Real Man in America? I'd like to believe I am. Just two years ago, I was 130 pounds, he was and definitely not the best-dressed man around. A lot has changed since then. Along with the weight, I dropped my inhibitions and my fear of fashion. Suddenly, I discovered how good it feels to wear the perfect suit, especially with sneakers. Even though I work in a formal environment at the United Nations, I'll wear sneakers, because I don't like to feel too formal and I want to stay true to my own style. I've come a long way and am proud of myself."



TECHNOLOGICALLY BREATHTAKING



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LINCOLN

LINCOLN
REACH HIGHER

3.4. Interior decoration

HECTOR GRANT

Models himself after:
The Duke of Windsor and Cary Grant—"no relation."

Planned out by G&M Editors
after Lay-Stephen/Cassell
start in the Charvet week
of course by RodA. Laurent
(also by Thomas Cook)



Still, explain it to someone else.

I started studying at Parsons School of Design in 1946, and things were just so different then. I remember Clark Gable walking down Park Avenue—sorry, not walking, strolling—and he had a stannion coat on. And people stopped, not just because it was him, but because he had this stannion coat on and looked wonderful. I like the simple color chart. I like clothes that fit. I like people I don't dress for attention. I dress for myself, and I feel so good if I am dressed in what I love. I went out and bought three velvet jackets the other day. Now, come on. This really is I've got a hang-up that is fully manifesting itself—ahh—that I cannot deny. And I love to do it with it."

WE ALL
WALK IN
DIFFERENT
SHOES.

NETISHAU, DEVOUT HASIDIC JEW
Once a proclaimed reggae recording artist

KENNETHGOLF.COM

THE
BEST DRESSED
MAN IN
AMERICA 2014

36.
Invest manager,
Chicoutati

Model's Name: Kater

His dad: "He said that if you're a book
and your clothes are the cover, you should
dress like a New York Times best seller."

**KENYATTE
NELSON**



Model's statement

"My fashion philosophy is similar to my
philosophy on life. Man at his best, in
fashion or fatherhood, exercises unyielding
passion and understands that incremental
effort can yield exponential results. If life is
truly every man's work of art, I choose not to
paint it with broad strokes, but instead ex-
plore the details and create a masterpiece. I
am Esquire's Best Dressed Real Man because
I dress how I strive to live, beautifully."

Outfit by Kenyatte Nelson. Hair by Colin Smith. Shoes by
Burberry. In the photo: Kenyatte Nelson. In the photo: Kenyatte Nelson. In the photo: Kenyatte Nelson.



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THE
BEST DRESSED
GROOMING
AMERICA 2008



TS
Student
New York
Models in transit at the
Humphrey Bogart
Museum in New York City

RAYMOND CHU

Model's start name

"Look, I'm nineteen years old. There's no getting around that. I'm young, and my identity is in flux. However, through discovering the stars of yesterday and the colorful worlds of Bogart and Astaire, I've opened a forgotten world of the past and managed to incorporate a fresh identity for the present. Like Archibald Leitch transforming into Cary Grant. I separate myself from the masses through my choices of classic suits and accessories. With that kind of foundation, I'll always be well dressed. Ultimately, I don't dress for fashion or for girls, I dress for my ever-changing identity, a work in progress. To be continued..."

Chad steps out onto the street in Leitch, wearing the iconic suit and hat. He is the only one in the crowd who is not wearing a hat. He is the only one who is not wearing a hat. He is the only one who is not wearing a hat.



I'm like a double shot of espresso for your computer.



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THE
BEST DRESSED
MAN IN
AMERICA 2008



**MLADEN
DJANKOVIĆ**



36
marketing
executive,
Chicago

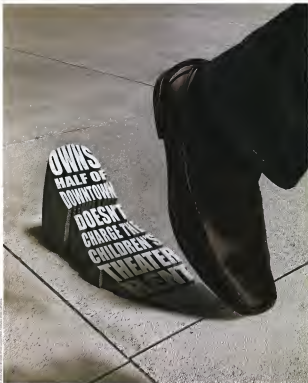
Model's friend & alter
ego: Tom Ford

His shoe of choice: none



"Big day. My agency pitch is prepared—it's perfect. Now it's all about presentation. What I'm wearing says everything before I say anything. The fabrics, leathers, and metals have the power of speech. They say, 'This isn't my first big pitch. It's not my last. I'm confident, not cocky; comfortable in my Italian leather shoes. My rolled-up sleeves confirm I run a business, yet the quilted lining on the table shows we can relax. The diamond solitaire fountain pen says I've accomplished success, the way I'm holding it implies it wasn't easy. Nothing worthwhile ever is. Let's begin.' I'm Mladen Djanković."

Shirts: hoodie, sweater by Calvin & Kalyan; trousers: T-shirt by John Varvatos; shoes by Diesel; jewelry by Christian Dior. Leather Moccasins worn by Puma.



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Just throw the ball, tom brady

THIS MAN WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE
GREATEST FOOTBALL PLAYER NEVER TO
GO DOWN IN HISTORY AND HE'S STILL SMILING



By **TOM
CHIARELLA**
Photographs by
MATTHIAS VRIENS



THREE-PIECE WOOL-SAVE COTTON
SHORT ANDLER TIE BY TOMMY HILF
LEATHER SHOES BY BALLY

the back of Tom Brady's house sits, pressed not thirty feet from the canyon road, sealed up tight as a shipping container. The palpant Los Angeles traffic doesn't reach way up here, so the occasional passing car slows for a better look at the limo, doors gull-winged, its mass spread diagonally across the smallish driveway. Crumpled-paper tumbleweeds blow down the street. The world looks, as it sometimes does in L.A., even halfway up the valley, a little jerky and unrepaid. The limo driver rocks; the soles of his shoes rasp the concrete. Minutes tick past, both yawning and reliably small in their measure, the way they do in church before the priest arrives. Then, as if some string were pulled, a great concussion of light breaks in the valley, and in that very moment Tom Brady himself emerges, hoking out his hands. ✱ In one hand, a piece of toast. In the other, a cup. ✱ He holds the cup out, and for a moment it appears to be an offering. The cup is full of granola, and he's passing it to one of his handlers. Then handshakes, greetings, the seating of the crew in the limo and a second car. Tom Brady walks lightly on the world. Tiptoes. The sound of his feet? Forget it. He might just as well be wearing slippers. When he sits in the car, the motion is so sudden and fluid that the temptation is to look twice to be sure he is present. ✱ And there he is. Tom Brady. The Tom Brady. The Brady. A big man. Taller, thinner, slower, quieter, and—it must be said—a little more milky white than one might expect. In the glinting angle of a limousine-crafted profile, he brings to mind someone beautiful and iconically male—Tyrone Power, perhaps.

On this clear day in the morning, surrounded by ceding mountains—agent, body man, driver—he seems impeccable, delectable and still puzzlingly flammable. Like Jon D'Amico, another all-star actor-factor (but when he looks you in the face, there's a glimpse of a wild grinning ravenous, some unrepentant black-headed white guy, an avowed vice-president of some state U) (chapter of Delta Chi).

It begs-def television has prided as anything, then sure-

ly it is the faces of our generation, the souls of their construction, the perturbations of their form. Missing and Ferns, with their unfilling faces, their ducal finger-pointing, the pure and credible insistence of their way. But this. It's fun. And you have seen the face of Tom Brady like this. We all have. Football, lacrosse, roadies, and still somehow undisturbed.

Jordan is Jordan. Kildrick is Pigeon Gentry, just Gentry.

Morgan is Mike. Even he then. They don't need two names. With Tom Brady, he of the fifty touchdowns, the five craps, that first name never disappears. It blurs—Tom Brady—in the same way he does. Give it the requisite article and that's him, the Brady, office and rifle.

This is not to lessen him, really. Because he is Tom Brady, after all. Tom Brady, redneck champion, crackback quarterback, league MVP, an apocalyptic pilot of the bear team in

themselves are undeniably laudable, surprisingly right. Be impossible with Your Word. Don't take anything personally. Don't Make Assumptions. Always Do Your Best. The Brady preaches the word and the word is good.

But how to spring Tom Brady loose from all that? How to scrape away the protective depression? Go back to the football field. To Tom Brady throwing the ball. To winning. And boom: "You're standing there at the White House and it's cool to be at the White House for sure, but you're thinking, 'Shit, remember that Kansas City game, where we came back in the last night and we didn't remember the side of it a crowd?' Some other guy has rule? Remember that work of greatness where Belichick made the cut out? That, to me, is what you think about, the painless and the guys you can share that work."

Twelve blocks downtown, now, venturing to the tangle of streets in Greenwich Village, were paid from the Brady's apartment, he asks the driver to pull forward for a few more minutes. He gets in sitting shotgun, doing "The Brady" at work talking about winning, and then losing, which is what he was doing the last time the world saw him. He shrugs. "What the hell you gonna do about it? Sit there and brood and complain and run the next two months of your life because something didn't go right for you? Or do you say you know, fuck it, I've learned from it. Let's accept it, understand that it didn't happen and move on?"

That might be, or that might be simply what is often expected of the guys playing the game under his name. Maybe he doesn't care. He does not work to delight, and people do not care how he just wins.

But if people don't care about him, if they don't see him as the patron king of the long sport of all sports, then why should people care about football at all? "They shouldn't," says the Brady. "Look at the attention I get. It's because I throw a football. But that's what society values. That's not what God values. God could give a shit, as far as I'm concerned. He didn't create the game. We did. I have some personal contributions, and I can throw the ball. I don't think that matters to God."

But, he's reminded, the guys you play with naturally state that God does care. "Maybe," Tom Brady says, but that's not the way I feel. It's a game, man. I have a hell of a lot of fun playing it, despite me being wrong. And it's very competitive and very stimulating. And that's why I do it. But we're not a religious group."

Outside the car window, through and beneath the scaffolding, one would presume that G—that's how he's been referring to his girlfriend—is waiting for him. He's open to more questions, but his hand is on the door. The great wants to get to the motor.

If they say the rules of Tom Brady's society, even in the wilderness that his people play it on the sunrise. He parted ways with a woman while she was pregnant. Tom doesn't explain itself easily, but that doesn't mean it can't be explained. And what about her, dangling that baby off her shoulder in a salad—five weeks old, especially open—in the hands of the blessed day? We don't know a goldenrod thing. The Brady is not a that way. But that doesn't stop the entering, poor, driven culture from seeing that Tom Brady might actually be taught the douches, rather than the shining sword of the three new world champions.

How do you answer a nation of know-it-all Tom Brady cannot. Instead he sees himself, reminds himself to speak

BUT IF PEOPLE DON'T CARE ABOUT HIM,

IF PEOPLE DON'T SEE HIM AS THE KING OF THE KING SPORT OF FOOTBALL, THEN WHY SHOULD PEOPLE CARE ABOUT FOOTBALL AT ALL? THEY SHOULDN'T, SAYETH TOM BRADY

clearly, to make nothing go personally to make his best effort. That decision. Good ones. And if the world wants because the money, if only for the time being, then they are just another scene between us and the private truth of the man.

The others, those we know by single name, was their partnership and converted that into value for the man himself—something weightier than the mere title. They attacked the throne atop the history of their games. They wear for it. Tom Brady could win three more Super Bowl rings to go with the three he has, and you get the feeling that he'd do it just to himself to destroy. This car ride, this phone chase, this cover of a magazine—most of it was his idea. The work it would take to make sure the talent and the looks and the performance and the fame were all working well, it's simply not the work that matters to him. Brady He is not the man who would be king. Being a king means to some things larger than a blessed arm, and in some of the pocket, you're not a natural head coach name. Tom Brady is more like the man who would be a natural vice-president in charge of sales. That might please him. And he'd be good at it, too. His sales force would be plenty inspired by that latter staff. He would sell the shit out of whatever it was, and with the job done, he would go home. Let some other teacher be the boss. Tom Brady doesn't need to be the greatest. He's content to be the best.

"Is that it?" he asks, a little hesitantly. One more question. What are you doing this week-end? "Going back to A," he says. "It's Father's Day. I'm gonna hang with my little boy. Just stay in the backyard with him and my girlfriend."

And there it is. Just like that. The boy emerges into the questioning, normal and as much as a phone. Tom Brady is father, after all. Father with about three kids.

After that, assigned, he comes to the street, where the Brady shakes hands, hugs, and runs away. That's the way he'll be seen. Tom Brady, in shadows between the know-nothings, jogging toward an unseen home and the world's children he's made them.

OH, BY THE WAY, THE STYLE FEATURE STARTS HERE.

Esquire. STYLE

LESS IS MORE

More Is More

Curated by Richard Malar and Takashi Murakami

Keep as if you've heard this one before. Two guys with little a bar. One's dressed like a priest in mourning. The other's dressed like John Lennon. How can such close to be the best-dressed man in the room? Because in matters of style and design, there will always be champions of simplicity (minimalists) and champions of excess (maximalists). Esquire has invited two such champions—minimalist icon Richard Malar and maximalist superstar Takashi Murakami—to argue their cases and then, using their words and works as guidance, we photographed some of the world's top minimalists and maximalists in clothes that speak their languages. Turn the page and let the debate begin. »

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIELL PARRY

less is more...

The master architect behind
L.A.'s Getty Center and
Barcelona's Museum of
Contemporary Art makes
a case for minimalism

BY RICHARD MEIER

W

hen I was a boy, there was an abandoned stone quarry near my parents' home in New Jersey. I used to ride my bike over there all the time. I loved everything about being there: walking through it, climbing around it, exploring this chaos of gray stone walls and floors. The unity of the material that bound the space instantly, and yet it never seemed the same any two times that I visited. The stone always looked different depending on the time of day or even the time of year.

Light and color played out against the texture of the pale stone—pugged and porous here, smooth and opaque there—casting shadows and reflecting and always evolving. The ordinary experience of playing was overruled by the silence and awareness of the quarry, and it seemed to me that this was the way a place should be. Many years after I left my boyhood home, when I was working on the Getty Center, I found myself in a stone quarry in Bagli di Tivoli, Italy, having an argument with John Walsh, the museum director, about furniture. From the blocks of limestone cut for the Getty's exterior were these incredible fifteen-foot-long, six-foot-wide remnants, which I thought would make excellent benches for the museum's entrance. Walsh vigorously disagreed. Reflecting on the argument, I remember he described my approach as a "hostility toward comfort," a remark that is significant to me now only because it is a perfect illustration of the greatest misconception about minimalism. Those who judge minimalism by its appearance alone will call it sparse, austere, even soulless. But art and design are not just about appearances. Orientation is not art. Great art is about heightening our experiences. To me, the minimalist sensibility is the most

honest of all, one that channels the full power of all our senses. What Le Corbusier called "the spirit of order, a unity of function" is what allows us to see beauty and to take part in the journeys of our own hearts and minds.

When I look out a window, any window in the world, from Brooklyn to Rome to Patongpat Nien, India, I see a concert of light and color working together in ways that cannot be contrived. In my work as an architect I cannot imagine a situation in which I would try to compete with or imitate the environment that surrounds my buildings. My job is to acknowledge nature, to create relationships between the interiors and exteriors, and to bring order in a way that substantiates the spaces we live in and move through. I take the work seriously, but I recognize other styles of art and design. Sometimes I even admire them. I saw some big, soft, comfortable plush chairs on Long Island, New York, some years ago and liked them so much I thought I'd design a contemporary version. I tried it, and the prototypes are sitting in storage, where they will remain. Minimalism is not the only style, but it's my style.

To learn more about Richard Meier's revolutionary architecture, visit esquire.com/meier-show-for-a-while-show-essay



THE GREATS

Stanza of Michelangelo's *Minimism*



Mark Newman
Architectural designer



John Walsh
Museum director, and host of the *Meier Show*



Josephine Lee
Designer of the *Meier Show*

...but so is more

Our man in Tokyo upstairs,
designed, and designed
Minneapolis Takashi Murakami—
offers his rebuttal

BY TAKASHI MURAKAMI

T

SQUIRE: For the purposes of this portfolio, we're defining minimalism loosely. As an aesthetic, it tends to deal with large-scale monochrome—classical designs, ornate in detail, bright colors, and bold patterns. As a casual act, it's even broader—it applies to individuals whose imaginations run away with them. How's our thinking?

TAKASHI MURAKAMI: There is a 200-300-ton-ton show that I recently discovered called *Revolutions in Color*, and there's also a new Japanese minimalist show called *Minimal Frontiers*. The connection between these two shows is that both of them are stories in which humanity has had no choice but to abandon Earth and fight for survival in outer space, battle with both non-Earth beings and robots, and open up the meaning of life. I guess you could call the museum a bit

stereotypical! But the concept that is important to me is the one of outer space. I have never traveled to outer space, and I love that never-felt-the-furrows-between-my-eyebrows-of-those-glyph-black-world—but I think that perhaps this is the true minimalism that we are discussing here.

EQ: Who are some of the great minimalists of all time?

TM: George Lucas and Walt Disney. From then I learned the importance of completely embracing myself in a surreal world.

EQ: Have you always been drawn to that kind of world?

TM: My aesthetic sense was formed at a young age by what surrounded me: the narrow residential spaces of Japan and the mental escapes from those spaces that took the forms of manga and anime.

EQ: So much of Japan's postwar architecture was driven by minimalist impulses. With due respect to Richard Meier and others, what are some of the problems with minimalism?

TM: The concept of minimalism is to relax. Like a Zen monk in training, it is something that brings equilibrium to the heart. I don't necessarily think it has any problems, but if I were to force myself to name one, I would say that since the minimalist feeling already includes its own universe, I think it might kill the dream that we would otherwise have to connect the physically impossible and attempt to travel into outer space.



EQ: Design fiction, futuristic design to often ultra-arcane and bright white—glint, sleek and slick. Does that vision of the future bother you?

TM: Really? In the world of P-Park, Perfection comes from outer space in a UFO. I think that the aesthetic you are describing is an observation of only a narrow part of the field that doesn't take into account all the directions. I'm sure that fancy space clothes will become mainstream again in the future.

To learn more about Takashi Murakami's work, visit equipe.com/minimalism show for a slide show.

The Greats
Here are Murakami's
fellow minimalist firsts



Nigo
creating a unique
and colorful
A Bathing Ape



TAKASHI MURA
founder of Japan's
classical fashion and
the Mura Brand



Minamoto
founder of a unique
space interior design
the Minamoto



NAME

writer

The slow, the distant collection of short women from this Vietnamese-Austrian. But what's brought choice to the land of choice work on spine price and emotional money. "I consider a collection a reward, as in the film festival. Career comes—I've moved on from the film—but I'm pulled by what you'd call negative relief, what artists feel like when images and connections to include, what people don't say. There's red tape, and it's

Two-episode series
Sept. 24, 2013 and
Sept. 25, 2013
by Patricia O'Leary
for PBS
Sept. 24, 2013 and
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by Patricia O'Leary
Sept. 24, 2013 and
Sept. 25, 2013
by Patricia O'Leary
Sept. 24, 2013 and
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GARY Shiteygart

There are 50,000
hours but none as
American as a writer
knows. The author of
The Russian Dub-
bmaster's Handbook
and Abandonment
loves to discover and
capture the essence
of global culture.
"Russian still escapes
me every day and
it's a very real and
complex thing.
Discovery—They
don't just read like
books of men
any. They are the
real world. My new
book, it's a comedy
about the collapse
of the United States
and it's not just a
satire. It's a
political comedy."

Two-episode series
Sept. 24, 2013 and
Sept. 25, 2013
by Patricia O'Leary
for PBS
Sept. 24, 2013 and
Sept. 25, 2013
by Patricia O'Leary

Rui Docouto

Two-burner cooktop,
stove (gas, 30 in. deep),
and range hood (all are
included) are a free

architectural and industrial designers

Proven with These
Institutions and over 100
Kings 2007-2008, continue
with the 2008-2009 and
with the 2009-2010 for
Florida Institute
of Technology and
University of
Tennessee. Two-
part of students
and 100,000 and
one school/2008
and with the 2008
100,000 and
school/2008
by A. Givens.

DAN BARBER

CHIEF

Chief and co-owner of the 400 restaurant in New York and champion of the Japanese table manners, Barber drives a distinctive business. And that is simple and food that just looks it. "It's made a great impression on most of the hands and no person it could," says Barber. "I don't want that the person behind it, I want a better person, a new person of thought and competence. It also doesn't mean that it will have any less meaning."



Photo: Jeffery M. Smith
Styling: Jeffery M. Smith
Hair: Jeffery M. Smith
Makeup: Jeffery M. Smith



Hani Rashid

architect

Hani Rashid is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, where he studied architecture. He is currently working as an architect in New York City. He is also a member of the American Institute of Architects. He is currently working on a project in New York City. He is currently working on a project in New York City. He is currently working on a project in New York City.

Photo: Jeffery M. Smith
Styling: Jeffery M. Smith
Hair: Jeffery M. Smith
Makeup: Jeffery M. Smith

Stephen Burks

product designer



To be the founder of Handmade Projects isn't a chore and there are two kinds of people in this world. "Those who like a lot of color and those who don't," and Burks, for the least, is purely drawn to REDUCED, with his designs for clients like Cappelloni and Museum offering eye candy as sleek as dots. "I love color. I've always loved color and my work is about finding the right materials to be expressive with it. And that I go for it."

Two custom denim jacket worn since childhood in black and red. BURKS cut two short BURKS with his 2010 and old pocket square (2010) by Tom Ford. Leather shoes (2010) by Barry Schmitt and clothing store (2010) by David Lauder. Chain saw (2010) by Tom.

MASAMICHI UDAGAWA

product designer

The Japanese co-founder of New York's autumn Design has applied a minimalist sensibility to contemporary as varied and unorthodox as Kawai's redesigned date lamp, the 2010's self-service kiosk, and more than 500,000 subway cars. "Minimalism is not a style, it's an effort, a conscious choice—due to what minimalist means to me."

Two 2010s were in the 2010s and others were in the 2010s.



Two 2010s were in the 2010s and others were in the 2010s. BURKS cut two short BURKS with his 2010 and old pocket square (2010) by Tom Ford. Leather shoes (2010) by Barry Schmitt and clothing store (2010) by David Lauder. Chain saw (2010) by Tom.

Armed Forces of the
United States



Army
Active Duty

Buzzell,
Colby Calvin



Pay Grade
E4

Rank
SPC



Issue Date
2004SEP13
Expiration Date
2005FEB28

Genova Conventions Identification Card

STATUS GO/NO GO

WELCOME BACK

[BY COLBY BUZZELL]

THREE YEARS OUT OF THE ARMY, DIAGNOSED WITH PTSD,
I RECENTLY GOT A NICE LETTER FROM THE PENTAGON
SAYING THEY'D LIKE ME BACK IN IRAQ, PRONTO.
THEY DIDN'T EVEN MIND THAT I WAS A LITTLE SICK.
AND I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. MARTIN KAHN

Imagine that you graduated from college, and a couple years
afterward your alma mater contacts you and says, Sorry, you didn't
graduate from college. In fact, you have five weeks to drop every-
thing that you're doing—quit your job, get out of your lease, put all
your stuff in storage, cancel your Netflix, etc.—and report back to
campus so that you can redo all the schooling that you've already
done. And not only that, here's a Smith & Wesson .357 revolver
with only one round in the chamber—spin the chamber, point it at your
head, and pull the trigger. If you live, you live. If you don't, you don't.

60



Sarah ah

A WOMAN
WE
LOVE

SARAH SHAHI MAY NOT LOOK LIKE THIS WHEN SHE'S HIKING, OR HOUSE HUNTING, OR COOKING SALMON, BUT SHE STILL KNOWS HOW TO MAKE US FEEL ALL FUNNY INSIDE.

The women in these photos, then, are the Sarah Shahi I'm looking at. It's not that she isn't beautiful, it's just that she is more approachably cute than understandably hot: five foot three, freckled, nose-up, hair back, bouncy energy, kindly fanny, kicking my shoes and punching my knees for emphasis. *Pointin' toes!*

Shahi's approachable enough that I have the guts to suggest, five minutes into our hike, that she de-fuse public property by adding her name, in just, to the list of donors on the great sign at the entrance to the park. Luckily it's 99 degrees out, so no one is around to

catch her, though they will later when it's cooled down. You'd think co-sitting in the NBC cop show *Lgb* would clue you in to stuff like that. Luckily it's also for me that I like, so Shahi suggests we have a picnic instead. As we get into her Volvo wagon, the handle of its left front door completely shoves up my hair, and Shahi also when she's in the car, she pulls out a half-empty overripe can of Tropicana. She gave to her fiancé when she pulled him up the airport. "I didn't know driving with this was illegal and he told me," she says. "Maybe I should go throw it out."

BY JOEL STEIN / PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTA RENEE



We stop at a supermarket for picnic stuff, and Shabi seems a little too embarrassed. "When I first moved to L.A., every time I saw a grocery store, I had my eye on the cheap blues, all the colors of all the vegetables. They were always a promise—because day I'll be able to cook." I tell Shabi that I can teach her to cook, which becomes our new theme plan for the day, and we start talking about how she has been looking for a house, and we decide to go home hunting tomorrow. Shabi, twenty-eight, is pretty much Holden Caulfield's dream woman on planet earth, or planet Los Angeles.

As we drive up to a house that looks promising, Shabi seems it down. "Not quite enough. Too many kitchen doors. Plus, I don't know about those stairs. What if I get lost and dropped my friend? I don't have any more, but what if I get one?" She wants something very American so she can start a family, to have the experience she never had. Her dad, a great-grandson of a slave, accepted his citizenship here only in Dallas from 1955 when the resolution became an act in 1979. "He was not good father. You know all those drag queens? Lady Gaga was his dad, all of those," she says. "The folks wonder why she got her birth to my sister. I haven't talked to him in three years." I am not posed to admit it, but when I have about two daily issues, I find that Shabi seems to live in the woman in the photos.

She's really close with her aunt, who—except for child beauty pageants—disappeared. Texas Gyn, she entered Shabi in them, too—seemed to have some bad luck—losing Shabi's principles. "When I was in seventh grade, I was already a Gyn," Shabi says. (By tenth grade, by the way, she was a double.) Though she's on much better shape now and back to a C. My journalistic skills were particularly sharp during this part of the interview.) When this beauty pageant lady, her mom, realizing she's not proud in her body, would make her wear half-shirts. "She wouldn't even buy me a bra, because she thought



It would hinder my growth. I was like walking blue balls, because I had no dress size, but I couldn't do it." This is how you would spend a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader during your first year in an NFL.

During her state cheerleader, Robert Adams came to the work-out facility because one of the characters in his film *Dr. T and the Women* was on the Cowboys squad. The cheerleaders were told not to fraternize with the Dallas Cowboys, but Shabi is not one to listen to authority, especially when it comes to something Adams, who Shabi admits was not a thirty-year-old man despite the following evidence, had a bunch of handkerchiefs with her and told her to come to L.A. So she quit the team, dropping out of her freshman year of college, moved west, and started working right away, landing a job at spot as Tony Soprano's private-pooling Vegas stripper (he's in the *Depression* and a role in Showtime's *The C Word*, from which she gained, for the first time, female fans). "The thing about Robert Adams is they're much more aggressive. I have been groped and grabbed by lesbians," she says. When I tell her she is both my lesbian friend and the one who told me she is allowed to sleep with her girlfriends but, too, she looks unimpressed. "Maybe I should send them flowers," she says. "Or like."

Shabi is bored of looking at the statues of houses. We drive in a Whole Foods store on her way home for that cooking lesson. As we're leaving, she runs into Gil Junger, a director who worked on the short-lived 1994 sitcom *Two Girls on a Bench*, in which she starred. Junger spends most of the conversation telling Shabi in a surprising variety of ways, how he is in "You walked out of that room... and the room is a million pretty women in there... but you came out of that just like you saw it. She did that. Mags. I like her. I like her. I like her. Which turned out to be... I have never before been embarrassed for another person because Gil Junger accomplished what Nicole Wolf could not.

When we enter her rental house in the Wilby, it is a full of pictures of every last thing Shabi, including a particularly memorable one, a picture of her as a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader, as well as contemporary art that her fiancé, actor Brent Harvey from the sitcom *Arrested*, collects. He's in the living room, dressed in a game of Grand Theft

Auto IV until he hears about the upcoming cooking lesson, which gets him very excited. It seems Shabi's previous attempts to cook were not going well, a sandwich had even paper still attached to the cheese, a frozen pizza had shards of the sauce had fused on to the burned crust. They seem like a really sweet couple, even though they seemed to be about her getting in her beer because she thought she was doing so much, so which she responded by spinning in his two seriously, stare at those photos all you want, but you're glad you're not looking at screens.

As we cook a steamed-crusted salmon and she demonstrates little skills that are so bad, they're dangerous. Shabi explains that she just quit her Neosporin habit, which is strange, since she has a cut on her hand. She just wanted to fit in with the rest of life when they took out the bandage. I was not surprised, either, and she makes me know she has just a piece of cocaine gone. I get a very bad rash and have to end my stay. There's when she wears me. That I might have a moment, a comfortable moment. This makes me feel she will be up to me and whispers slowly, in the voice of the woman in the photos, "It's good. Who doesn't like taking a big dump?"

I do. The answer is me, here.

So I accept the gift of acceptance the picked from her two and get the hell out of there, head beaming and hearted by the cheerleader's growth. The next day she sends me a card—the last, unsurprisingly a couple of months—saying that her boyfriend loved the meal. I was honestly, oddly, surprisingly happy for her, even though she who not be these photos would be too much for me to handle.



"My mom wouldn't even buy me a bra. She thought it would hinder my growth."



A monster you'll want to
drop your fork and call it
a New York.

★ ★ ★
THE
ESQUIRE
ALMANAC
OF
STEAK
★ ★ ★

It seems so simple, steak. A man kills a cow. Another man carves it up. The last man eats it. And it tastes good. But of course, there are complicating factors.

Vegetarians. Rich idiots with cigars and expense accounts. The price of corn. Your worrywart doctor. Can a man still enjoy a good, thick T-bone, medium rare? Some potatoes on the side? Absolutely he can. At many a great restaurant (see page 188), in his kitchen (page 198), in Tampa (page 197), even in India (page 195). As for the cultural and moral implications—well, yeah, but just look at this picture. Hungry?

PHOTOGRAPH BY
MARCUS NILSSON

See page 10 for the
caption



Thank you very much for **Banquet**

By ROSS McCAMMON

[illegible]

Peter Luger, Brooklyn
FOOTAGEHOUSE
On the side, German film producer Theology went



BUTCHER

PEOPLE TRUST A BUTCHER. WHAT HE ADVISES, THEY HEED. WHAT HE RECOMMENDS, THEY CONSUME. THE APRON IS PART OF IT. YES—THE APRON GIVES HIM POWER. BUT IT'S MUCH MORE THAN THE APRON.

By TOM CHIARELLA • Photographs by Michael Edwards

★ THE ESQUIRE ALMA MATER OF STAN ★

The table is full of tongues. Red, tongue, such as big as a man's chest, French into one my thing (the size of a popliteal cavity), defining for an afternoon pick-up. There's a lot of mouth, too, I guess, or rather—I'm not sure, because the top tongue is unobscured enough that I can see a hole that looks like a little saddle. But right now the guys in back are breaking covers—sawing the headquarters down with a handaxe, making the hip and the head see, then the skin, flapping out the skin for short time. Short time is done

worried about the tongue. The den's have to rush the tongue, down to the

"Who ordered tongues?" I ask. Sometimes it's loud in a butcher's shop. The grinding axes on the butcher's, the cubes

the vacuum sealer, the bag and stem of the walk-in-freezer grate dent, the radio. Not a real, industrial name—no one wears earplugs. This is the loudness of commerce, the industrial evidence of its orders, the rattling center of the morning butcher-shop routine.

So far today I've hung three bones as rib coats for aging, trimmed and dropped out graybone loss-shin-on-shin for me, restroped the in-eyes and the pork-chops—rattin' the meat, replace the green paper between the layers, restuck the cuts on narrow, white-on-shinbone trays, which are natched, edge to edge, into the store-length-plus-counter—and collected asophy worth of trice for cut-down and grinding, I've wiped the blocks with bleach water twice. And I'm doing the least of it.

¹⁰Who ordered the incense? I ask myself.

"A doctus," Dennis calls out. He's head-down, working his six-inch blade into a tenderloin, shaving the blade along the broadside, steadily peeling the meat. Throwing it with the trim.

they call it "Some surgery."

Dennis shrugs. He's not a little bit of a humor, the depression of

aphidomorph professor and heads glossy with the bay scars that come with fifteen years of cutting meat. "Teacher. 'Takes them to demonstrate some new instrument," he says. "I guess they're about the size of a uterus." I can't tell if it's serious. But no one laughs, which, with these gaps, may well be another sign to break carefully.

And then they point me to the counter, where a woman has edged up to the deli, in front of the ham loaves. The day's first customer. I raise and towel off my hands, then turn to her.

Teaching is propelled by love. The other mornings are full of anticipation. There are only so many hours to sell, and so many hours to prepare for the selling. The most never want but customers never come into a hardware shop to browse. They are there to buy. There's always something they need, something they must have, or something they don't know about you. So you give them a little hint—you close your hands, you make eye contact, you touch your hair, touch her a little. Know even

It's simple enough: They want answers, and they want me. A butcher has to have a lot of each. So that's when I lean in, against the wall of the counter, into the grip of the meat.

I've been there long enough to be a guy with some secrets, a guy with trained skills. Butcher.

ask her, "How can I help you?"

Several Christmas pasts I decided to cook a smoochy rib roast. I had some duck ideas I wanted to make Yorkshire pudding with. My local supermarket had recently awarded its Butchers' out of the ratios to a central processing plant. In order to make my request, the lad behind the meat counter handed me the phone so I could speak directly with the regional manager. I read aloud what I had written at the top of a shopping list, weight and cost. A suggestion, thanks, from John Child. I had no idea where it came from in the crew, even how big it would be.

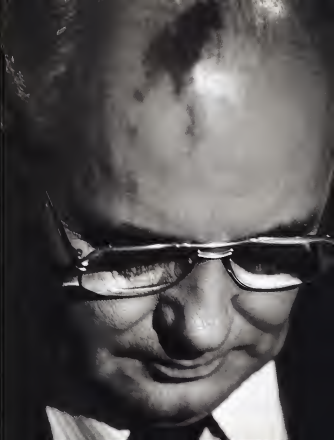
The author above is a registered professional Mechanical Engineer and has worked for his whole professional career in the field of mechanical engineering. He has worked for a number of years in the field of mechanical engineering and has a number of years of experience in the field of mechanical engineering. He has a number of years of experience in the field of mechanical engineering and has a number of years of experience in the field of mechanical engineering.

Mikhail Gorbachev

Leader, 77, Moscow

Interviewed by C.J. VAN DAMME

- > **Wasn't just a boy:** My father was going off to fight in World War II. We were all saying goodbye to him. It was very emotional. Everyone was crying. Just before he left, my father bought me some ice cream. It came in an aluminum cup. I could still remember what it tasted like.
- > **We will have peace for all:** as we will have no price at all.
- > **Trust is when there is no place for lying.**
- > **The politicians in America sometimes act in a way that seems disrespectful toward our country and our people.** The Russians are people who value their dignity. You better not mess with that.
- > **You have to consider that Reagan was twenty years older than I was.** He was the age of my mother. So there was a generation gap. During one of our talks, he tried to lecture me and moralize. I said to him, "Mr. President, you are not my teacher, and I am not your student. You are not a prosecutor, and I am not a defendant. So let's not subject each other to lectures. Let's talk frankly and address the issues. If you want to lecture, we might as well wrap it up, because there's really nothing to talk about." He got a little upset. Not long after that, he said, "Why don't we go on a first-name basis?" You call me Ron and I'll call you Mikhail."
- > **That was an important step.**
- > **You know, many urban people have the impression that socialism grew on supermarket shelves.** *Hahaha* He bread is best.
- > **Without the immediate change finally, it's very hard to be a good human being.**
- > **I grew up in the kolkhoz lands.** I never saw bread when I was a young man. I never saw a gasoline pump.
- > **When I was about fifteen years old, some frontier soldiers gave me a glass with liquid in it, but they didn't tell me that it was vodka.** I didn't know anything about alcohol at the time. It gulped it down, and these guys had a good time watching my baptism by fire. After that I became a lot more cautious in regard to alcohol. To this day, I'm not a big drinker.
- > **The day after I announced that I was stepping down, I was scheduled to come to the Kremlin for an interview with a Japanese reporter.** I got called back from one of my assistants—who said that Yeltsin was in my office with his message, finishing off a bottle of whiskey. These people were almost like savages, celebrating their big victory over a shrike in my office. I told myself: The office has been discovered. It will never see him in that room again.
- > **That Lushenko business?** The proceeds go to Green Cross International and its American counterpart, Global Green. Also, I travel a lot, and a good boy came on his hands.
- > **We are halfway toward a democratic transition.** When Putin became president, the country was in chaos. People were struggling to survive, just to live, and the West was ignoring it. The West liked Yeltsin, as the Russian people were thinking, Why is this so? It's trouble in the West supporting Yeltsin? It was very frustrating. You need to understand that Putin rescued the country from chaos.
- > **Have patience.** Like I say to my American friends, it took you more than two hundred years to get where you wanted to go in five hundred days.
- > **A nuclear power looks at nuclear energy as a clean energy, not just as a dirty bomb, but hourly.**
- > **The members of the nuclear club are not setting a good example for other countries.** They know that other countries cannot develop nuclear weapons while at the same time they strive to perfect their own.
- > **Look at what happened in New Orleans.** Look at how big the blow was and how difficult the consequences are in dealing with such a blow. Imagine what would happen in a situation where nuclear weapons were used. Imagine the effect of the radiation. It's been years since the Chernobyl accident, and there are towns and villages where people do not live. The towns are still there. They haven't been torn down, but not a single person lives there. So this is a very serious matter—more than serious.
- > **Nuclear weapons need to be abolished.** ■





BETTER THAN "BIL
GIFTER" BOSS SHORTS

THE DONALD BEANER (right) looks Jeremy Bruders in evening wear. *Portrait: David G. Fenton (right) and whom he met at a Young Republicans event. Among the guests in the wings of 11, one You, Romney. The Lovers of Donald Reagan to Nancy Reagan.*

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

Crisis? What crisis? Before heading to this month's national convention in Minneapolis, the next generation of GOP leaders gathered in Washington and planned for, uh, victory—yeah, victory!—in November.

BY PETER MARTIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN REYNOLDS

IT'S BECOME STRANGE, the idea of young Republicans. Sometime between Alex P. Keaton and Obama Girl, they became the political equivalent of neurons or people who constantly reach Bill Maher: You don't see a whole lot of them, but you know they exist. Republicans are supposed to be rich, old, and white. Or Lynne Swann. Youth is supposed to be the realm of the Democrats, and Barack Obama—a guy who seems like he'd friend you on Facebook and nail every note of "Free Bird"

in Guitar Hero, even on expert—is supposed to be the one everyone's been waiting for. Look: A recent Pew Research Center survey found 58 percent of young voters are leaning Democratic this year. Republican? Thirty-three percent. *Thump.*

But that still translates to tens of millions of people under forty registered as Republicans. Of them, ten thousand belong to the Young Republican National Federation. And of them, 150 gather every two years in Washington, D.C., for the Young Republican Leadership Conference, a long weekend in the spring during which the next generation of candidates, wonks, and

WHOSE PARTY?

THE LEAD PARTY. Even among young men, who Young Republican politicians dominate. They're known as the political shape of a young man. *Democrats are expected to win in the next 11 years. But the republicans should be prepared and 11 believe health care is important, not a right.*



• *Esquire* •

As with any collection of aspiring politicians, this year's convention crowd skewed slightly docky—somewhere between a Magic: The Gathering tournament and a regional meeting of CPAs. And yeah, in some ways they fit right in to Republican stereotypes: The phrase “family values” came up just as often as the question, “Does anyone in this room make too much money?” At one point a

FIRST WE PLEDGE

IT'S MY MIDDLE FINGER as usual is preferred by the *Philly* of *A Romance*. On this occasion it was covered with garlanded confetti and after a celebratory pop caused the changing of the *Star* or *Newsweek* as the *Smiths* were waiting in a short 10 played through the speakers at the *Times* *Rock* *Blues* room. Once selected to be there



AND THEN THE PLAN

[illegible]

THE SECOND
COMING

SEEKING an incoming pint, Newt Gingrich has to be the Young Republican lion—otherwise, you know the deal is off. The reason he will take on the teen people champion is simple: Each point he tallies toward a winning women and children issue when he runs for the no class to govern the oligarchy and make it money at "Rock, pool!" After he squeals on the hot rule and saving. Approved by Young Republicans here, Gingrich's choice and partner with the same goal with which old-guarders have longed: Clarity.



THE CLASS OF 19

THE FRUIT morning includes a trip to the Capitol steps, where the Young Republicans were photographed by an older Republican, Frosty Corbin. Unites around these common names is the new GOP

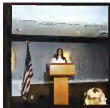


TABLE 2. Continued

EMERSON has played a pharmacological master: Brian Cullen (far left) has replaced the Young Republicans' marching song with Verdi's *Te Deum*. He has been performing with YouTube, Facebook, and MySpace and sending his to Cullen. It's working: "There's a passionate group of people behind a website focused on Republican success in November in a very much more down-to-earth way."

THE CARDIOLOGY

FIRST WOMEN. John Milkenich (left) left prison with his campaign poster. *Thirty-two-year-old entrepreneur* longed for a seat in the Montana state senate as the business-friendly, socially moderate measure, his top priority. "There aren't enough jobs in this state," he says.

Almanac of Steak

["Wings," continued from page 34] I chose to keep eating dead flies because I believed I earned the right to exercise the right—the American right—to keep eating them.

Down in the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness changed in about years after all. The American environment changed. We're aware of our limitations in exploring to transcend them. We were the country that never turned around to see the freeways on the pages and the downed when they all did. For us, now the freeways are all we see, and we are helpless to get up and walk away from the freeways. We know damn well that that is a grotesque, and that in production, in the freeways and profits slaughterhouses, is an evil. We know that it is wasteful in terms of resources, greenhouse in terms of carbon footprint, and resulting in our self-image as citizens of a sustainable planet. We know that

[illegible]

["Outback," continued from page 37] like Ruth's China and Martin's, I cannot characterize that of the average guy and his family as too good for a scenic, expensive steak dinner; Outback will do just fine there but some time in the South—Outback supply trucks leave. Not even the rub-eyes (the fathers of Outback steaks)—had much taste, being more leathery than beefy. The ribs and the prime rib were watery, without the firmness of well-braised. I would rather have been eating a burger at McDonald's.

WHAT TO ORDER AT GUBBICK: *Wings in Onion Crust* (served on the table); *Angus strip steak*; Sydney's *Shrimp Sundae* (vanilla ice cream, sweetened coconut, chocolate sauce); To drink, *House Red* or *W*.

Welcome Back

Completed on page 1718. During the last hours of the war, I was a member of a group of musicians that I prefer not to mention. She asks me what they were doing since I got out, and I tell her that I went to school about my experience in being an artist as a handful of activities, half of which are military-themed, every now and then I do a proud discussion of spending my experience alone. I'm allowed to talk about my experience in the war—all the other stuff about it was the war—other than that I've pretty much been a noncommittal artist for the last three and a half years. I've been trying to put the war and the military behind me and start a new chapter in life and I have a quiet side to me do that—I was never really able to move on—and now being back here, surrounded by people in the military, and surrounded by people constantly talking about the end of

"I can't do it again," I tell her. "I think I'll lose my mind."

She looks up at me, asks me a few psychiatric questions—writes down my answers, and then says, "Don't worry, we'll arrange psychotherapy here in San Francisco."

When I go back to the barracks, we had an end of the day formation, and for some reason, the first sergeant was there. He came out and told us that the other evening there had been an incident among adult roommates on the off limits fourth floor, where someone completely vandalized a stairway, splashing paint all over the walls. He mentioned that he was here at Fort Benning for a couple years now and has never seen anything like that happen, and that he suspected that somebody—probably drunk—had come in and pissed off about being called back up—decided to throw a dirty trick and beat the barracks. They kept the first sergeant's assistant body in formation, who knew or had some information on who was on a pass slip, and this is a bit more on office. I don't know

didn't want anything for the First Amendment, and again, I have no idea what he is talking about, so I can neither confirm nor deny that I had anything to do with either happened—but I do have some fondness and respect for Mr. Muldoon's work. It takes a thousand points—the more the better, I thought—made what he did.

I would believe it until they stamped me WITH DEFERENCE. And because the Army is the Army, I still had to have a hearing test, then some paperwork, blood work, quick eye check, hand eye detail, rewards all too gay in detail, and then wait in line to see a medical provider who'd tell me what shot I needed.

I thought, wondering if it was really going to get out of his mind or not—I heard my name. I looked up and it was Procter. He was talking to a couple of guys seated next to him. He pointed at me and said with his kindness in his voice, "The guy right there. He was a team leader in Iowa." And he went on to tell them all about how he was an gay person, and it was recommended all these times in Istanbul when I used the M240 machine gun (or observation post) and sat at three angles for team bounding exercises off each other, straggling in the city, thinking about how the boys sped together up into the guard house, starting next to him in the back of the Bradley vehicle. The day when we received fire from a mosque and Procter was behind the 80-cal machine gun and I was the combat medic next to me was yelling, "Get some, Procter! Get some!"

When I got to the last screen I handed my medical records and my processing packet to the guy behind the desk—he seemed to be having a great day at work—and when he opened up my packet he asked me what I did for work before that. When I told him I was unemployed, he laughed. “Well you don’t have an answer about that one,” he said.

While going over my packet he asked me a couple more questions. Are you married? No. What about 'Michael marijuana.' How you ever been to the emergency room? 'Not yet.'

nick "Yesterday." I then pulled out the business card of the kind lady over in the hospital who had seen me the day before and told him that I spoke to her and she documented that I was non-deployable and that it'd be in the system. He then pulled up on the computer and started checking the statement of me and his attitude shifted somewhat after that. He then stamped my packet and I left and said, "Don't worry, you're on home now."

I went into the airport terminal to welcome to life and I up a smile. People come out, say with me and said, "Everything I know about the M146 machine gun I learned from you and Haverdine." I smiled "But sure I don't know that," he said.

I told him not to worry about that, he'd pick up the gun. When a whole of Illinois said mean opinion that's what," I said.

And I started talking to him about when I sent members about the M146 and then I stopped talking and I took a long drive to my work and looked at the clock and said, "I'm not going to be able to be with you on this one." He took a drive from his pocket and

I looked out the door at the snow falling when I stepped by the door. "I'm sorry, Patricia, I just can't," He looked away and told me that he was really looking forward to me meeting his wife. I told him I would someday—no sooner as he got back. My thoughts about this and-would be walking away. A chaotic bus pulled up to give us a ride back. We stood up, dipped our heads, got in, and our doors went to each other. ■

The Boss

Think of them as a...
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when you're not later
you can slip into a mis
— where you can sit

Clearly, these are not ordinary headphones. There's no exaggeration to saying they're one of the things you have.

"It's as if someone by your back reaches found the volume for the world, and it way, way down."

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"Forget 'concertlike' onstage with the band

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